A NEW INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

D. J. MAY & L. A. HILL BOOK 2

,64
Y
17

36617

A NEW INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

BOOK 2

NEEL BAGH

NEEL BAGH

A New Introduction to ENGLISH LITERATURE

BOOK 2

D. J. MAY *and* L. A. HILL

LONDON
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1969

428.64
MAY

Oxford University Press, Ely House, London W.C.1

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON
CAPE TOWN SALISBURY IBADAN NAIROBI LUSAKA ADDIS ABABA
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI LAHORE DACCA
KUALA LUMPUR SINGAPORE HONG KONG TOKYO

© this selection, preface, introductory notes, notes, questions and word lists Oxford University Press, 1969

David Horsburgh Collection
Donated by
Ashraya Neelbagh School

Printed in Great Britain by Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press), Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk

3661

Contents

	Preface	vii
	Acknowledgements	ix
1	The Man and His Boots	1
2	The Departure of the Sleeping Beauty	3
3	Sherlock Holmes and His Brother	5
4	Anglo-India	10
5	Mrs Grundy at the Parkers'	15
6	New Lights	22
7	A Remarkable Couple	26
8	The Night of the Birth	30
9	An English Lesson	39
10	The Bulldog, the Bull and the Bees	43
11	If . . .	51
12	Paul Becomes a Schoolmaster	54
13	Thoughts on Various Subjects	59
14	The Trout	61
15	Disraeli and His Wife	65
16	Morning in the East	71
17	Saint Joan and Captain Robert	74
18	The Family Council	81
19	If Thou Must Love Me . . .	88
20	Catherine in the Abbey	90
21	Weak Woman	94

22 Dr Johnson Has Two Arguments 96
23 A Quarrel at Lord Castlewood's 99
24 Two Poems by Shelley 105
25 Madrid 107
26 The Hunting of the Snark 111
Word Lists 119

Preface

This series of books is intended to provide an easy and attractive introduction to the riches of English literature. The extracts come from a wider range of sources than is usual in such books. All the great English writers are represented in typical and, it is hoped, enjoyable passages. But in addition there will be found such items as modern biographical accounts of some of the writers, extracts from letters and diaries, pieces by scientists, criticism and songs. The series is designed to acquaint students with all kinds of interesting ways in which the English language has been used. Introductions to each piece explain the background to it and any difficult allusions in it. The questions at the end of each piece have been very carefully designed to guide the student through the piece step by step, to help him understand its meaning fully and appreciate its qualities. The extracts range in time from one of the earliest English works of literature, the Anglo-Saxon poem *Beowulf*, to many modern English novels. Virtually every important English writer has been included.

The order of the pieces has also been carefully planned. Book 1 starts with the easiest piece, Book 5 ends with the most difficult. But each book is self-contained and can be used without it being necessary to refer to the others. In each book the pieces are arranged in order of difficulty, and also offer a varied and balanced range of styles and subject-matter. The basis for judging the difficulty of each piece was as follows. Assuming a student was familiar with L. A. Hill's basic 3,275 headword vocabulary, the number of difficulties he or she would find in each piece was counted. The average number of these difficulties per 100 words in the piece as a whole indicated how easy or hard it would be for a student, and where it should come in the sequence. A few minor adjustments were made, so that pieces with a close connection should come side by side—but in all these cases the easier piece was put later in the book, not the more difficult piece brought forward.

Notes on difficult words and phrases are also provided at the end of each piece, with the relevant line-number. These explain all the words or constructions which a student could not easily understand by referring

to the *Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English*. In these notes the following abbreviations are used:

L means 'a literary way of saying'
O means 'an old-fashioned way of saying'
P means 'a poetic way of saying'
V means 'a vulgar (low-class, or not standard) way of saying'.

At the end of the book there is a complete list, for each passage, of the words in it that are outside the 3,275 headword vocabulary. Students can either look these words up before beginning each piece, or work through the list afterwards to strengthen their hold on new items on their vocabulary.

Acknowledgements

We are indebted to the following for permission to use extracts from the books mentioned:

Macmillan and Co. Ltd and Mr M. B. Yeats (*Mythologies*); John Murray and the Trustees of the Estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (*Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*); Edward Arnold Ltd and E. M. Forster (*A Passage to India* and *Abinger Harvest*); George Allen and Unwin Ltd and Bertrand Russell (*The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, Vol. 1); Laurence Pollinger Ltd and the Estate of the late Mrs Frieda Lawrence (*The Rainbow*); The Hogarth Press Ltd and Christopher Isherwood (*Goodbye to Berlin*); Macmillan and Co. Ltd and Mrs George Bambridge (*Rewards and Fairies*, by Rudyard Kipling); A. D. Peters and Co. (*Decline and Fall*); J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd (*Three Men in a Boat*); Eyre and Spottiswoode Ltd and Robert Blake (*Disraeli*); J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd and the Trustees of the Joseph Conrad Estate (*Youth*); The Public Trustee and the Society of Authors (*Saint Joan*); and A. D. Peters and Co. (*The Spanish Temper*).

1 The Man and His Boots

W. B. Yeats (1865–1939), besides being one of the greatest English poets of recent times, also wrote some very attractive books about Irish legends and fairy-tales when he was a young man. He did not question the truth of the stories; he just wrote them down as Irish people told them to him. This little story comes from a book of his that was published in 1893, *The Celtic Twilight.* (The title of the book became famous because the name 'the Celtic twilight' was later given by critics to the whole Irish literary movement of the end of the last century.) This is an amusing ghost story, about a ghost who also seems to have had a sense of humour.

(There is a poem by Yeats in Book 1.)

There was a doubter in Donegal, and he would not hear of ghosts or fairies, and there was a house in Donegal that had been haunted as long as man could remember, and this is the story of how the house got the better of the man. The man came into the house and lighted a fire in the room under the haunted one, and took off his boots and set them on the hearth, and stretched out his feet and warmed himself. For a time he prospered in his unbelief; but a little while after the night had fallen, and everything had got very dark, one of his boots began to move. It got up off the floor and gave a kind of slow jump towards the door, and then the other boot did the same, and after that the first boot jumped again. And thereupon it occurred to the man that an invisible being had got into his boots, and was now going away in them.

When the boots reached the door they went upstairs slowly, and then the man heard them go tramp, tramp round the haunted room over his head. A few minutes passed, and he could hear them again upon the stairs, and after that in the passage outside, and then one of them came in at the door, and the other gave a jump past it and came in too. They jumped along towards him, and then one got up and hit him, and then again the first hit him, and so on, until they drove him out of the room, and finally out of the house. In this way he was kicked out by his own boots, and Donegal was avenged upon its doubter. It is not recorded whether the invisible being was a ghost or

one of the Sidhe, but the fantastic nature of the vengeance is like the work of the Sidhe who live in the heart of fantasy.

W. B. YEATS

NOTES

1 *would not hear of:* refused to listen to anyone talking about; refused to believe in.
4 *got the better of:* overcame; gained a victory over.
24 *the Sidhe:* the fairy people of Ireland.

QUESTIONS

1 What is a 'doubter' (line 1)?
2 What does Yeats mean when he says the man 'prospered in his unbelief' (line 7)?
3 Say briefly in your own words where the boots went.
4 Why does Yeats think the invisible being was more likely to have been one of the Irish fairies, or Sidhe, than a ghost?
5 Yeats tells the story as though he believes it is true. Point out places where he does this.
6 Write a short ghost story, if possible one that you have heard people telling about happenings in your own country.

2 The Departure of the Sleeping Beauty

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92), was the most popular nineteenth-century poet. (He was not born a lord; he was given the title for his poetry when he was seventy-five.) Much of his best poetry is a poetry of beautiful, dreamy sensations, and this is a good example. It comes from his poem based on the famous legend of the Sleeping Beauty. In this legend a princess has to sleep for a hundred years before a king's son finally discovers her sleeping and wakes her with a kiss. The poem describes how she went away with him to his own distant country. What is especially interesting is that, although the princess has just woken up after sleeping for a hundred years, this journey with her lover is itself like a dream: she wakes from sleep into a new dream.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
  And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
  In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
  Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
  The happy princess followed him.

'I'd sleep another hundred years,
  O love, for such another kiss;'
'O wake for ever, love,' she hears,
  'O love, 'twas such as this and this.'
And o'er them many a sliding star,
  And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
  The twilight melted into morn.

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!'
  'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!'
'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!'
  'O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!'

And o'er them many a flowing range
  Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
  The twilight died into the dark.

'A hundred summers! can it be?
  And whither goest thou, tell me where?'
'O seek my father's court with me,
  For there are greater wonders there.'
And o'er the hills, and far away
  Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
  Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

LORD TENNYSON

NOTES

13 *o'er:* over. (P)
15 *thro':* through. (P)
22 *buoy'd:* buoyed. (P)
22 *crescent-bark.* 'Crescent' is the new moon, and 'bark' is a boat. Tennyson compares the new moon to a boat supported by clouds instead of water.
23 *rapt:* carried. (O or P)
26 *goest thou:* are you going. (O or P)

QUESTIONS

1 What does Tennyson mean when he says that for the lovers the world was both old and new?
2 What is the time of day at the end of the first verse? What time passes in the course of the second verse? What time passes in the course of the third verse?
3 Who are the speakers in each of the first four lines of the third verse?
4 The colours mentioned in the poem are all rich and romantic. Find all the references to colour, and say what they describe.
5 There is one word that begins eleven of the thirty-two lines of the poem. What is that word? And what is the effect of using it again and again in this way? Does it contribute to the dream-like effect of the poem?
6 What other details of the poem have a dream-like effect?

3 Sherlock Holmes and His Brother

Sherlock Holmes is probably the best-known detective in the world, with his large 'deerstalker' hat and his twisted pipe. What is not so well known is that he had a brother, Mycroft, who was even cleverer than Sherlock. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930), who invented Sherlock Holmes, tells of the existence of Mycroft in a story 'The Greek Interpreter', which appeared in 1894. Here we have an extract from that story. It is told, as usual, by Sherlock's friend Dr Watson. We see a brilliant performance of observation and deduction by the two brothers working together. Mycroft's club is in Pall Mall, a street in London in which there were, and still are, many rather expensive clubs for men where they can eat and drink, or sit and read the newspapers in peace. Mycroft's club—another invention of Conan Doyle's—is no doubt called the Diogenes Club because its members are all very strongly individual. Diogenes was an ancient Greek philosopher who was very scornful of human customs and beliefs, and is said to have lived in a tub (big, round wooden container).

During my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr Sherlock Holmes I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre-eminent in intelligence. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living, but one day, to my very great surprise, he began to talk to me about his brother.

It was after tea on a summer evening, and the conversation, which had roamed in a desultory, spasmodic fashion, came round at last to the question of atavism and hereditary aptitudes. The point under discussion was how far any singular gift in an individual was due to his ancestry, and how far to his own early training.

'In your own case,' said I, 'from all that you have told me it seems obvious that your faculty of observation and your peculiar facility for deduction are due to your systematic training.'

'To some extent,' he answered thoughtfully. 'My ancestors were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life as is natural to their class. But, none the less, my turn that way is in my

veins, and may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms.'

'But how do you know that it is hereditary?'

'Because my brother Mycroft possesses it in a larger degree than I do.'

This was news to me, indeed. If there were another man with such singular powers in England, how was it that neither police nor public had heard of him? I put the question, with a hint that it was my companion's modesty which made him acknowledge his brother as his superior. Holmes laughed at my suggestion.

'My dear Watson,' said he, 'I cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues. To the logician all things should be seen exactly as they are, and to underestimate oneself is as much a departure from truth as to exaggerate one's own powers. When I say, therefore, that Mycroft has better powers of observation than I, you may take it that I am speaking the exact and literal truth.'

'Is he your junior?'

'Seven years my senior.'

'How comes it that he is unknown?'

'Oh, he is very well known in his own circle.'

'Where then?'

'Well, in the Diogenes Club, for example.'

I had never heard of the institution, and my face must have proclaimed as much, for Sherlock Holmes pulled out his watch.

'The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft, one of the queerest men. He's always there from a quarter to five till twenty to eight. It's six now, so if you care for a stroll this beautiful evening I shall be very happy to introduce you to two curiosities.'

Five minutes later we were in the street, walking towards Regent Circus.

'You wonder,' said my companion, 'why it is that Mycroft does not use his powers for detective work. He is incapable of it.'

'But I thought you said——!'

'I said that he was my superior in observation and deduction. If the art of the detective began and ended in reasoning from an armchair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. But he has no ambition and no energy. He would not even go out of his way to verify his own solutions, and would rather be considered wrong than take the trouble to prove himself right. Again and again

I have taken a problem to him, and have received an explanation which has afterwards proved to be the correct one. And yet he was absolutely incapable of working out the practical points which must be gone into before a case could be laid before a judge or jury.'

'It is not his profession, then?'

'By no means. What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante. He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the Government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise, and is seen nowhere else, except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms.'

'I cannot recall the name.'

'Very likely not. There are many men in London you know, who, some from shyness, some from misanthropy, have no wish for the company of their fellows. Yet they are not averse to comfortable chairs and the latest periodicals. It is for the convenience of these that the Diogenes Club was started, and it now contains the most unsociable and unclubbable men in town. No man is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in the Strangers' Room, no talking is, under any circumstances, permitted, and three offences, if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the founders, and I have myself found it a very soothing atmosphere.'

We had reached Pall Mall as we talked, and were walking down it from the St James's end. Sherlock Holmes stopped at a door some little distance from the Carlton, and, cautioning me not to speak, he led the way into the hall. Through the glass panelling I caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own little nook. Holmes showed me into a small chamber which looked out on to Pall Mall, and then, leaving me for a minute, he came back with a companion who I knew could only be his brother.

Mycroft Holmes was a much larger and stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent, but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother. His eyes, which were of a peculiarly light watery grey, seemed to always retain that far-away, introspective look which I had only observed in Sherlock's when he was exerting his full powers.

'I am glad to meet you, sir,' said he, putting out a broad, flat hand, like the flipper of a seal. 'I hear of Sherlock everywhere since you became his chronicler. By the way, Sherlock, I expected to see you round last week to consult me over that Manor House case. I thought you might be a little out of your depth.'

'No, I solved it,' said my friend, smiling.

'It was Adams, of course?'

'Yes, it was Adams.'

'I was sure of it from the first.' The two sat down together in the bow-window of the club. 'To anyone who wishes to study mankind this is the spot,' said Mycroft. 'Look at the magnificent types! Look at these two men who are coming towards us, for example.'

'The billiard-marker and the other?'

'Precisely. What do you make of the other?'

The two men had stopped opposite the window. Some chalk marks over the waistcoat pocket were the only signs of billiards which I could see in one of them. The other was a very small, dark fellow, with his hat pushed back and several packages under his arm.

'An old soldier, I perceive,' said Sherlock.

'And very recently discharged,' remarked the brother.

'Served in India, I see.'

'And a non-commissioned officer.'

'Royal Artillery, I fancy,' said Sherlock.

'And a widower.'

'But with a child.'

'Children, my dear boy, children.'

'Come,' said I, laughing, 'this is a little too much.'

'Surely,' answered Holmes, 'it is not hard to say that a man with that bearing, expression of authority, and sun-baked skin is a soldier, is more than a private, and is not long from India.'

'That he has not left the service long is shown by his still wearing his "ammunition boots", as they are called,' observed Mycroft.

'He has not the cavalry stride, yet he wore his hat on one side, as is shown by the lighter skin on that side of his brow. His weight is against his being a sapper. He is in the artillery.'

'Then, of course, his complete mourning shows that he has lost someone very dear. The fact that he is doing his own shopping looks as though it were his wife. He has been buying things for children you perceive. There is a rattle, which shows that one of them is very young. The wife probably died in child-bed. The fact that he has a picture-

book under his arm shows that there is another child to be thought of.'

I began to understand what my friend meant when he said that his brother possessed even keener faculties than he did himself. He glanced across at me and smiled. Mycroft took snuff from a tortoiseshell box and brushed away the wandering grains from his coat with a large, red silk handkerchief.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

NOTES

3 *upon his part:* of his; by him.
13 *singular:* extraordinary; unusual.
20 *none the less:* nevertheless; in spite of this.
20 *turn:* tendency.
51 *Circus:* roundabout; place where several roads meet, with a round place in the middle.
79 *unclubbable:* not having the sort of character that one needs in order to become a member of a club.
80 *save:* except.
105 *out of your depth:* facing problems which were beyond your ability to solve.
110 *bow-window:* a curved window, projecting from the front of a building.
113 *billiard-marker:* person whose job it is to mark up the score in games of billiards.
114 *What do you make of the other?:* What are you able to find out about the other from his appearance, etc.?

QUESTIONS

1 Why does Dr Watson think that Sherlock Holmes is being modest when he says that his brother's powers are greater than his own?
2 Why does Sherlock think that modesty is not a virtue?
3 Why is Mycroft not capable of becoming a successful detective himself?
4 What are the main differences and similarities in appearance between Sherlock and his brother?
5 In lines 119–26, take one by one the facts about the small, dark man that the two brothers give, and say what they have noticed about him that enabled them to give each fact.
6 Part of the comedy in the Sherlock Holmes stories comes from Dr Watson's continual astonishment at Sherlock's powers. Where in this piece does he express that astonishment?

4 Anglo-India

E. M. Forster (born 1879) is one of the outstanding modern English novelists. His most famous book is *A Passage to India* (1924), from which this piece is taken. It is a study of life in India at the time when India was still part of the British Empire; and it is very critical of the English who administered India. Fielding, the main character in the novel, is the Principal of a little Government College, and unlike most of the English in the city of Chandrapore, he has made close friends with a number of Indians. One of his best friends is a sensitive young doctor, called Aziz. But when Aziz and Fielding organize a sight-seeing visit to the famous Marabar caves outside Chandrapore for a young Englishwoman, Miss Quested, disaster follows. Miss Quested has a mysterious and frightening experience in the darkness of the caves, and believes she has been assaulted by Aziz. Later she withdraws her accusation—and we never know whether she imagined the whole affair or was attacked by a stranger. But the incident brings out all that is worst in the English in Chandrapore, as we see in this passage.

Forster is famous for the disturbing yet funny (or 'ironic') contrasts he is so good at noticing, and there are plenty of them to be found here. In the first paragraph alone we may notice the 'shrine' with its ugly zinc doors, and the punkah flapping 'dirty petticoats'. Such details prepare us for the contrast we are going to see between the high and dignified office held by the Collector, Turton, and the violence of his emotions. Yet there are further ironic aspects of the matter: Fielding, for example, with his keen sense of justice—like E. M. Forster's—has to admit that Turton is in his own way impressive too.

The Collector had watched the arrest from the interior of the waiting-room, and throwing open its perforated doors of zinc, he was now revealed like a god in a shrine. When Fielding entered the doors clapped to, and were guarded by a servant, while a punkah, to mark the importance of the moment, flapped dirty petticoats over their heads. The Collector could not speak at first. His face was white, fanatical, and rather beautiful—the expression that all English faces were to wear at Chandrapore for many days. Always brave and unselfish, he was now fused by some white and generous heat; he would have killed himself, obviously, if he had thought it right to do so. He spoke at last. 'The worst thing in my whole career has hap-

NEEL PAGH

pened,' he said. 'Miss Quested has been insulted in one of the Marabar caves.'

'Oh no, oh no, no,' gasped the other, feeling sickish.

'She escaped—by God's grace.'

'Oh no, no, but not Aziz . . . not Aziz . . .'

He nodded.

'Absolutely impossible, grotesque.'

'I called you to preserve you from the odium that would attach to you if you were seen accompanying him to the Police Station,' said Turton, paying no attention to his protest, indeed scarcely hearing it.

He repeated 'Oh no', like a fool. He couldn't frame other words. He felt that a mass of madness had arisen and tried to overwhelm them all; it had to be shoved back into its pit somehow, and he didn't know how to do it, because he did not understand madness: he had always gone about sensibly and quietly until a difficulty came right. 'Who lodges this infamous charge?' he asked, pulling himself together.

'Miss Derek and—the victim herself . . .' He nearly broke down, unable to repeat the girl's name.

'Miss Quested herself definitely accuses him of——' He nodded and turned his face away.

'Then she's mad.'

'I cannot pass that last remark,' said the Collector, waking up to the knowledge that they differed, and trembling with fury. 'You will withdraw it instantly. It is the type of remark you have permitted yourself to make ever since you came to Chandrapore.'

'I'm excessively sorry, sir; I certainly withdraw it unconditionally.' For the man was half mad himself.

'Pray, Mr Fielding, what induced you to speak to me in such a tone?'

'The news gave me a very great shock, so I must ask you to forgive me. I cannot believe that Dr Aziz is guilty.'

He slammed his hand on the table. 'That—that is a repetition of your insult in an aggravated form.'

'If I may venture to say so, no,' said Fielding, also going white, but sticking to his point. 'I make no reflection on the good faith of the two ladies, but the charge they are bringing against Aziz rests upon some mistake, and five minutes will clear it up. The man's manner is perfectly natural; besides, I know him to be incapable of infamy.'

'It does indeed rest upon a mistake,' came the thin, biting voice of the other. 'It does indeed. I have had twenty-five years' experience of

this country'—he paused, and 'twenty-five years' seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and ungenerosity—'and during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially. Intercourse, yes. Courtesy by all means. Intimacy—never, never. The whole weight of my authority is against it. I have been in charge at Chandrapore for six years, and if everything has gone smoothly, if there has been mutual respect and esteem, it is because both peoples kept to this simple rule. New-comers set our traditions aside, and in an instant what you see happens, the work of years is undone and the good name of my district ruined for a generation. I—I—can't see the end of this day's work, Mr Fielding. You, who are imbued with modern ideas—no doubt you can. I wish I had never lived to see its beginning, I know that. It is the end for me. That a young lady, that a young lady engaged to my most-valued subordinate—that she—an English girl fresh from England—that I should have lived——'

Involved in his own emotions, he broke down. What he had said was both dignified and pathetic, but had it anything to do with Aziz? Nothing at all, if Fielding was right. It is impossible to regard a tragedy from two points of view, and whereas Turton had decided to avenge the girl, he hoped to save the man. He wanted to get away and talk to McBryde, who had always been friendly to him, was on the whole sensible, and could, anyhow, be trusted to keep cool.

'I came down particularly on your account—while poor Heaslop got his mother away. I regarded it as the most friendly thing I could do. I meant to tell you that there will be an informal meeting at the club this evening to discuss the situation, but I am doubtful whether you will care to come. Your visits there are always infrequent.'

'I shall certainly come, sir, and I am most grateful to you for all the trouble you have taken over me. May I venture to ask—where Miss Quested is?'

He replied with a gesture; she was ill.

'Worse and worse, appalling,' he said feelingly.

But the Collector looked at him sternly, because he was keeping his head. He had not gone mad at the phrase 'an English girl fresh from England', he had not rallied to the banner of the race. He was still after facts, though the herd had decided on emotion. Nothing enrages Anglo-India more than the lantern of reason if it is exhibited for one moment after its extinction is decreed. All over Chandrapore that day the Europeans were putting aside their normal personalities

and sinking themselves in their community. Pity, wrath, heroism, filled them, but the power of putting two and two together was annihilated.

Terminating the interview, the Collector walked on to the platform. The confusion there was revolting. A chuprassi of Ronny's had been told to bring up some trifles belonging to the ladies, and was appropriating for himself various articles to which he had no right; he was a camp follower of the angry English. Mohammed Latif made no attempt to resist him. Hassan flung off his turban, and wept. All the comforts that had been provided so liberally were rolled about and wasted in the sun. The Collector took in the situation at a glance, and his sense of justice functioned though he was insane with rage. He spoke the necessary word, and the looting stopped. Then he drove off to his bungalow and gave rein to his passions again. When he saw the coolies asleep in the ditches or the shopkeepers rising to salute him on their little platforms, he said to himself: 'I know what you're like at last; you shall pay for this, you shall squeal.'

E. M. FORSTER

NOTES

Title *Anglo-India:* the British in India.
1 *Collector:* a senior official in the British government of India.
27 *lodges this . . . charge:* makes this . . . charge; makes this . . . accusation.
96 *chuprassi:* official Indian servant.
97 *appropriating:* taking; stealing.
99 *camp follower:* exploiter.
105 *gave rein to:* no longer kept under control.

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the meaning of the following phrases:

a 'to preserve you from the odium that would attach to you' (lines 19–20).
b 'that is a repetition of your insult in an aggravated form' (lines 43–4).
c 'I know him to be incapable of infamy' (line 49).
d '"twenty-five years" seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and ungenerosity' (lines 52–3).
e 'the herd had decided on emotion' (line 88).
f 'after its extinction is decreed' (line 90).

2 What is Fielding's opinion about Aziz, and what are his feelings about the situation?

3 Find the places where Turton's prejudices against other races appear.

4 Forster sums up the European reaction in Chandrapore: 'Pity, wrath, heroism, filled them, but the power of putting two and two together was annihilated.' Show where, in the description of Turton, feelings that might in some situations have been admirable are mixed with foolish and unjust thoughts.

5 Mrs Grundy at the Parkers'

Here we find E. M. Forster writing a different kind of prose. This short piece is a kind of fable, not a realistic story. But it has certain things in common with the extract from *A Passage to India*. It is critical of intolerance and interference, of people thinking that they are acting in a good way when in fact they are doing harm; and it has that light, ironic tone that Forster never loses even at his most serious. It is as though he is always trying to show the calmness and moderation that he most praises in life.

'Mrs Grundy' is a name sometimes given in England to people who are excessively critical of anything they consider to be improper behaviour—especially improper sexual behaviour; 'Nosey Parker' is a name given to people who like knowing about other people's business and interfering in it. Both are types that Forster finds very unattractive, and here he imagines that they are real people, with Mrs Grundy paying a visit to the home of Mr and Mrs Nosey Parker. The word which 'had been devitalized twenty years previously by Mr Bernard Shaw' is the vulgar English swear-word 'bloody': in his play *Pygmalion* (1912) Shaw made a girl say it on the stage, with more comic than shocking effect. By doing this, Forster implies, Shaw 'took the life' out of the word. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill permitted a man to marry his dead wife's sister, which had previously been impossible.

'Mrs Grundy at the Parkers' ' comes from a collection of essays and articles, called *Abinger Harvest*, that Forster published in 1936.

When Mrs Grundy called recently at the Nosey Parkers', she was informed by the maid that they were 'Not at home'.

'Do you mean that your mistress is out or is not out?' she asked. Doris collapsed, and said that Mrs Parker was in, but had rather a headache, and so was resting.

'Then have the goodness to tell her that I am here, without further prevarication,' said Mrs Grundy, and seated herself in the austere drawing-room—such a contrast to her own cosy parlour. The Parkers enjoyed making themselves as well as other people uncomfortable, which she had never been able to understand.

'Ah, Amelia,' said her friend, coming in. 'Quite a voice from the past!'

'Edith, I called about something or other, but Doris's untruthfulness

has put it clean out of my head. Why did she say you were not at home when you are?'

'Well, it is only a form of words; a modern convention. One has to keep pace with the times if one is to guide them, and they sorely need our guidance.'

'And have you the headache or have you not?' Mrs Grundy persisted.

'I have. Still I am glad you forced your way in, for I want to talk about our methods of work. You don't interfere with people in quite the right way, you know. You are too desultory and impetuous. That was all right in the nineteenth century, when life was slow, and one could point to one impropriety after another with one's umbrella as they crossed the street—but today! Why, you'll get knocked down. You'll be run over by a motor bicycle, and before you can see whether it was a girl on the pillion she will have disappeared. Today one must select and one must plan; civilization is so complicated. Think of our triumph the other month—that man who was arrested for bathing at Worthing.'

'Ah, don't talk to me about bathing. I often wish there was no such place in these islands as the sea-shore.'

'That is shallow of you. If there was no sea-shore, how could we catch people on it? Besides I approve of bathing, provided it is so regulated that no one can enjoy it. We are working towards that. You were a great pioneer, but you made the mistake of trying to suppress people's pleasure. I try to spoil their pleasure. It's much more effective. I don't say, "You shan't bathe." I say, "You shall bathe in an atmosphere of self-consciousness and fear," and I think I am succeeding. I certainly have at Worthing.'

'I expect I read about Worthing, but where everything is so shameless one gets bewildered.'

'Why, the case of the visitor who bathed, properly clad, and then returned to his bathing machine to dry. Thinking no one could see him, since the machine faced the ocean, he left its door open. He had reckoned without my foresight. I had arranged that a policewoman should be swimming out at sea. As soon as she observed him, she signalled to a policeman on shore, who went to the machine and arrested him. Now, Amelia, would you have ever thought of that?'

'I certainly shouldn't have. I don't like the idea of women policemen at all. A woman's proper place is in her home.'

'But surely there can't be too many women anywhere?'

'I don't know. Anyhow, I am glad the visitor was arrested. It will stop him and others going to English seaside resorts, which is a step in the right direction, and I hope the magistrate convicted.'

'Oh, yes. Magistrates nearly always convict. They are afraid of being thought to condone immorality. As my husband points out, that is one of our strong cards. In his private capacity the magistrate was probably not shocked. The average man simply doesn't mind, you see. He doesn't mind about bathing costumes or their absence, or bad language, or indecent literature, or even about sex.' At this point she rang the bell. 'Doris, bring the smelling salts,' she said, for Mrs Grundy had fainted. When consciousness had been restored, she continued: 'No, nor even about sex, and we social workers of the twentieth century cannot ignore sex; what we can do is to make it a burden. And we are faced with the difficulty that the average man, if left to himself, does not brood, and forgets to persecute. He has habits instead of ideals. Isn't that too dreadful! He says in effect, "I go my way about sex or whatever it is, and I let others go theirs, even if I think it queer. It isn't my funeral." But it is going to be his funeral—at least I hope so.'

'And what of the average woman?'

'She is a little more satisfactory, a little more apt to be scared. Though I have known sad cases of women saying, "Pore thing, we don't take no notice although she did have a little Unwanted, we treats her like one of ourselves." You see what we are up against—tolerance, good temper, and unsuspiciousness. It has been no easy matter to cover England with regulations from end to end.'

Mrs Grundy sighed. 'I admit you manage to interfere more than I did,' she said. 'I expect it is as you say, and I was too impulsive. I hurried too much from vice to vice when I was young. I stood outside the music halls, to stop people going in, and then I heard profanity in the cab-shelter, and went to silence that, and while I was doing so the music hall filled up. I went to Africa to make the cannibals monogamous, and during my absence the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill became law in England. When it's daylight I can see people, which is scandalous, and at night-time I can't see them, which is worse. I simply don't know where to turn, and while I am insisting on ulsters for sunbathing the Deceased Husband's Brother's Bill will probably become law, too. You have a sounder method, Edith. You have brought in education, of which I never dreamt, and I am not surprised that your wonderful work gives you the headache.'

'My headache, to which you now refer, has nothing to do with my work,' replied her hostess. 'It has been caused by a piece of bad news which has just arrived from the Continent. Even my husband is upset by it.'

'If I had my way there never would have been any Continent,' cried Mrs Grundy, and proceeded to ask a series of agitated questions, such as had the bad news to do with chocolates being allowed in theatres, with sweepstakes to be legalized, was Sunday cricket spreading, had the King been seen patting a racehorse, and so on.

'No, you are quite off the lines. It has to do with something inside us.'

'And pray, what can the Continent have to do with my inside?'

'Amelia, you must make an effort to understand. It concerns you as much as myself. It is a sort of discovery that has been made by a kind of doctor. Just as our work was prospering and we were making people stodgy and self-conscious under the pretence of building better citizens, just as we had bullied the lay authorities and coaxed the clerical into supporting us, just as interference was about to be launched on a colossal scale——. But I despair of explaining what it is. Perhaps my husband will be able to.' And she called out, 'Nosey!'

Mr Nosey Parker, who now joined the ladies, was scarcely their equal as a field worker. Where he excelled was on committees. Without being obtrusive, he managed to generate that official uneasiness upon which all their work depended. Let me explain. Each member of any committee has, of course, broken the law at some time or other, and desires to prove to his colleagues that he hasn't; he can do this best by being timid in discussion, and by voting for any measure that deprives the public of enjoyment. Furthermore, each member either has a daughter or feels that he ought to have one, and dares not oppose any censorship of art or literature in consequence. Mr Parker realized all this. He had only to say 'We must think of our daughters' and everyone thought of their skins. He had only to say 'I am not narrow-minded but . . . ' and broadness became impossible. He raised the banner of respectability and called it idealism. *Sauve qui peut* was embroidered in brown on its folds. And under it the municipal councillors or the board of magistrates or the jurymen gathered, all being afraid of being found out, and when their duties concluded they had not done at all what they intended (which was, generally speaking, to let their fellow creatures alone), but had stopped one man from doing this and another from doing that, and had sent a third man to prison.

'Nosey, do explain what has happened,' his wife said.

'Nothing has happened. It is only an idea.'

'Ideas have never troubled me, especially from abroad,' said Mrs Grundy.

'You are fortunate. I own myself worried by this one. The idea is that we, who have helped others, ought now to be helped, and it is proposed to help us by pulling us to pieces.' He shuddered. 'To you that means little. But I have always had doubts of my own solidity. How can I bring it home to you? They desire to examine your intimate fabric, Mrs Grundy: they suspect it of being diseased. My wife's and my own they assert to be even fouler than yours. They believe that we all three try to improve people because we envy their happiness and had bad luck ourselves when we were young. What so alarms me is that there is no bitterness in the new attack. We are actually objects of pity.'

'And, pray, is that all?' said Mrs Grundy with her dry little laugh. 'You may have given Edith a headache over this, but you have no such effect on me. I am quite accustomed to pity. I got a lot as a girl. It is merely a term of abuse, and I shall castigate it in due season. Good-bye, my dear sir, and take an old woman's advice: keep away from foreign newspapers in the future.' And, gathering up her skirts, she left their house—perhaps for her doom.

'Poor thing, she doesn't know the danger,' said Mrs Parker, looking after their friend anxiously, and observing how she first scowled at Doris and then lectured some navvies for using a word which had been devitalized twenty years previously by Mr Bernard Shaw. 'She is brave because she is out of date. But we—oh Nosey, Nosey! Fancy, if it gets known that interference is a disease which ought to be interfered with. Men and women will live as they like, they will be natural and decent about one another, and we shall boss and nag at them no more.'

'Too true, too true,' said her husband, 'and yet I see a ray of hope. Our enemies cannot interfere with us unless they organize. As individuals they are helpless. They will have to form Freedom Leagues, or Anti-Fuss Societies or sign Beach Pyjama Covenants, and they cannot do so without constituting themselves into committees. And as soon as they meet on committees . . . yes, I think we shall survive after all.'

Will they survive? Only Doris, who is the future, can tell.

E. M. FORSTER

NOTES

14 *clean:* completely.
17 *keep pace with the times:* keep one's knowledge of contemporary ways up-to-date.
17 *sorely:* very much.
34 *shallow:* showing a lack of serious thought.
59 *strong cards:* strong arguments; things we can rely on most.
75 *pore thing:* poor woman. 'Pore' represents a particular pronunciation of the word 'poor'.
76 *don't take no notice:* don't take any notice; take no notice. (V)
76 *Unwanted:* unwanted baby.
76 *we treats:* we treat. (V)
84 *cab-shelter:* place where cab-drivers used to shelter.
103 *off the lines:* wrong.
114 *field worker:* person who does practical work in the 'field' (that is, out among people, and not in an office).
120 *measure:* law; rule.
124 *their skins:* escaping danger.
126 *sauve qui peut:* let him who can save himself. (French)
138 *own:* admit.
142 *bring it home to you:* make you really understand it.
149 *pray:* please.
152 *in due season:* at the right time.
154 *skirts.* Even if one is wearing only one skirt, one can talk about gathering up one's skirts (plural) if it is a very full one.

QUESTIONS

1 Mrs Grundy begins criticizing people the moment she arrives at the Parkers'. Who does she criticize first?
2 Who has the stricter moral standards—Mrs Grundy or Mrs Parker?
3 How does Mrs Parker's policy differ from Mrs Grundy's? Why does she think it will be more effective?
4 What happened to the man who was bathing at Worthing?
5 What does Mrs Parker think about 'the average man'? What do you think E. M. Forster thinks about the average man?
6 Mrs Parker thinks it a 'sad case' when a woman says 'Pore thing, we don't take no notice although she did have a little Unwanted.' Does E. M. Forster think it sad? If not, why not?
7 What does Mrs Grundy mean when she cries 'If I had my way there never would have been any Continent'?

8 Why do municipal councillors and magistrates and jurymen behave in a way that helps Nosey Parker in his ambitions?
9 What is the doctor's discovery that makes the Parkers so worried?
10 Discuss, either in writing or in the class, whether you think it all right for dramatists to have improper words spoken on the stage.

6 New Lights

We go back now to a great nineteenth-century figure who was the opposite of a Mrs Grundy: Matthew Arnold (1822–88). Arnold was still alive when E. M. Forster was born, and they share many of the same ideas. Arnold made his living as a hard-working inspector of schools, but he became famous as a poet and a critic (two of his poems can be found in Book 4). This extract from his book *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) discusses what, in Arnold's view, true 'culture' is, and its importance for humanity. It will be seen that for Arnold what was essential was both a love of mankind, *and* a love of reason and truth: in his own well-known phrase, both 'sweetness and light'.

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity: it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word curiosity, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled

in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are, implies a balance and regulation of minds which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: 'The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.' This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as are called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: 'To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!' so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: 'To make reason and the will of God prevail!'

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act;

and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and the bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine—social, political, religious—has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards

a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to—to learn, in short, the will of God—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

NOTES

1 *make its motive curiosity:* claim that its motive is curiosity.
9 *ground:* basis.
20 *M. Sainte-Beuve.* 'M.' is short for 'Monsieur', and is the French equivalent of 'Mr'.
24 *stamp . . . with blame:* label . . . as worthy of blame.
47 *neighbour:* fellow-men.
63 *its turn is for . . . :* it is best suited to . . . .
70 *suffer:* allow.
73 *bent on (doing):* determined to (do).
107 *go counter to:* go against.

QUESTIONS

1 What, in Matthew Arnold's view, is the difference between the English and the foreign idea of 'curiosity'?
2 Which idea of curiosity does Matthew Arnold think the better one? Why?
3 In the paragraph beginning in line 44, Arnold describes another view of 'culture'. What is the main motive behind this kind of culture?
4 Why, in Arnold's view, is 'the passion for doing good' not sufficient by itself?
5 What does Arnold mean (lines 89–90) by 'the iron force of adhesion to the old routine'? Why does he think it is 'wonderful' that this iron force has 'yielded'?

7 A Remarkable Couple

Earl Russell, usually known as Bertrand Russell, is, like E. M. Forster, a wise and tolerant man, as much admired in his old age as in his youth. (He was born in 1872.) As a young man he made important contributions to philosophy, but all his life he also wrote more popular books, full of liberal ideas and commonsense on important matters of the day. The first volume of his autobiography (or story of his own life) appeared in 1967, and this passage comes from it. Russell's character-sketches of people he knew provide some of the finest pages in his autobiography; here he writes of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. The Webbs were important figures in Great Britain at the end of the last century and in the first part of this century: they carried out deep researches into the economic condition of the poorer classes, and helped to lay a scientific foundation for the policy of the Labour Party. They also played an important part in founding the influential London School of Economics. Russell writes amusingly of their private life, but he also shows his respect for them. In the last paragraph various people are mentioned whom it might be useful to identify: the Benthamites were the followers of Jeremy Bentham, a nineteenth-century thinker with scientific ideas about the organization of society not unlike the Webbs'; Robert Owen was a mill-owner with enthusiastic plans for social reform who was a little younger than Bentham; Keir Hardie was a miner who became a Labour Member of Parliament in 1892 and was largely responsible for creating the modern Labour Party; Sir Stafford Cripps was an important member of the Labour government in Britain after the Second World War.

Sidney and Beatrice Webb, whom I knew intimately for a number of years, at times even sharing a house with them, were the most completely married couple that I have ever known. They were, however, very averse from any romantic view of love or marriage. Marriage was a social institution designed to fit instinct into a legal framework. During the first ten years of their marriage, Mrs Webb would remark at intervals, 'As Sidney always says, marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions.' In later years there was a slight change. They would generally have a couple to stay with them for
10 the week-end, and on Sunday afternoon they would go for a brisk walk, Sidney with the lady and Beatrice with the gentleman. At a certain point, Sidney would remark, 'I know just what Beatrice is

saying at this moment. She is saying, "As Sidney always says, marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions."' Whether Sidney ever really did say this is not known.

I knew Sidney before his marriage. But he was then much less than half of what the two of them afterwards became. Their collaboration was quite dove-tailed. I used to think, though this was perhaps an undue simplification, that she had the ideas and he did the work. He was perhaps the most industrious man that I have ever known. When they were writing a book on local government, they would send circulars to all local government officials throughout the country asking questions and pointing out that the official in question could legally purchase their forthcoming book out of the rates. When I let my house to them, the postman, who was an ardent socialist, did not know whether to be more honoured by serving them or annoyed at having to deliver a thousand answers a day to their circulars. Webb was originally a second division clerk in the civil service, but by immense industry succeeded in rising into the first division. He was somewhat earnest and did not like jokes on sacred subjects such as political theory. On one occasion I remarked to him that democracy has at least one merit, namely, that a Member of Parliament cannot be stupider than his constituents, for the more stupid he is, the more stupid they were to elect him. Webb was seriously annoyed and said bitingly, 'That is the sort of argument I don't like.'

Webb had been entirely dependent upon his earnings, whereas Beatrice had inherited a competence from her father. Beatrice had the mentality of the governing class, which Sidney had not. Seeing that they had enough to live on without earning, they decided to devote their lives to research and to the higher branches of propaganda. In both they were amazingly successful. Their books are a tribute to their industry, and the School of Economics is a tribute to Sidney's skill. I do not think that Sidney's abilities would have been nearly as fruitful as they were if they had not been backed by Beatrice's self-confidence. I asked her once whether in her youth she had ever had any feeling of shyness. 'O no,' she said, 'if I ever felt inclined to be timid as I was going into a room full of people, I would say to myself, "You're the cleverest member of one of the cleverest families in the cleverest class of the cleverest nation in the world, why should you be frightened."'

For a number of years Mrs Webb was addicted to fasting, from motives partly hygienic and partly religious. She would have no

breakfast and a very meagre dinner. Her only solid meal was lunch. She almost always had a number of distinguished people to lunch, but she would get so hungry that the moment it was announced she marched in ahead of all her guests and started to eat. She nevertheless believed that starvation made her more spiritual, and once told me that it gave her exquisite visions. 'Yes,' I replied, 'if you eat too little, you see visions; and if you drink too much, you see snakes.' I am afraid she thought this remark inexcusably flippant. Webb did not share the religious side of her nature, but was in no degree hostile to it, in spite of the fact that it was sometimes inconvenient to him. When they and I were staying at a hotel in Normandy, she used to stay upstairs in the mornings since she could not bear the painful spectacle of us breakfasting. Sidney, however, would come down for rolls and coffee. The first morning Mrs Webb sent a message by the maid, 'We do not have butter for Sidney's breakfast.' Her use of 'we' was one of the delights of their friends.

Both of them were fundamentally undemocratic, and regarded it as the function of a statesman to bamboozle or terrorize the populace. I realized the origins of Mrs Webb's conceptions of government when she repeated to me her father's description of shareholders' meetings. It is the recognized function of directors to keep shareholders in their place, and she had a similar view about the relation of the Government to the electorate.

The Webbs did a great work in giving intellectual backbone to British socialism. They performed more or less the same function that the Benthamites at an earlier time had performed for the Radicals. The Webbs and the Benthamites shared a certain dryness and a certain coldness and a belief that the waste-paper basket is the place for the emotions. But the Benthamites and the Webbs alike taught their doctrines to enthusiasts. Bentham and Robert Owen could produce a well-balanced intellectual progeny and so could the Webbs and Keir Hardie. One should not demand of anybody all the things that add value to a human being. To have some of them is as much as should be demanded. The Webbs pass this test, and indubitably the British Labour Party would have been much more wild and woolly if they had never existed. Their mantle descended on Mrs Webb's nephew Sir Stafford Cripps, and but for them I doubt whether the British democracy would have endured with the same patience the arduous years through which we have been passing.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

NOTES

24 *rates:* taxes paid to the local government.
28 *second division:* lower grade.
29 *industry:* hard work.
37 *competence:* enough money to live on comfortably.
78 *Radicals:* members of a left-wing political party.
87 *wild and woolly.* This is a fixed expression meaning 'rough', 'disorderly', 'confused'.
88 *Their mantle descended on:* they were succeeded by.

QUESTIONS

1 What did Beatrice (or Sidney) Webb mean when they said 'marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions'?
2 What did Russell mean when he said 'a Member of Parliament cannot be stupider than his constituents'? What is the mistake in this witty argument?
3 Why did Beatrice Webb go into lunch before her guests?
4 What does Russell mean when he says 'Bentham and Robert Owen could produce a well-balanced intellectual progeny'? Do you see any similarity here to Arnold's arguments in the previous piece?

8 The Night of the Birth

D. H. Lawrence (1885–1930) was for a time friendly with Bertrand Russell, but eventually they came to disagree with each other strongly. Russell believed passionately in the importance of the mind, whereas Lawrence placed more trust in instinct and feeling, as can be seen in this fine passage. Lawrence is probably best known in the world for his novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: when the book was published in Great Britain in 1960, its publishers were put on trial on the grounds that it was immoral, but they were found not guilty after many writers gave evidence in court praising the book. However, it is not his best novel. *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are all finer works; and Lawrence was also a wonderful short-story writer. This passage is from *The Rainbow* (1915). It is about the lives of three generations in a farming family in the English Midlands. But it is not so much about changing social conditions as about the different emotional lives of the different generations. This passage is about Tom Brangwen, the main figure in the first generation described in the book. He is a farmer who has married a Polish woman, a widow with a daughter from her previous marriage. She is about to give birth to Brangwen's first child. As the night comes on, Brangwen is full of strange moods. The little girl is frightened, there is tension in the house; then Brangwen takes her out with him through the rainy night to the barn, to feed the cows, and suddenly both of them have a new feeling of peace and confidence, as they watch the cows feeding quietly. Both have just followed their instincts in a new and puzzling situation; but their instincts have been right. Tilly, by the way, is the servant.

(A poem by D. H. Lawrence will be found in Book 3.)

One afternoon, the pains began, Mrs Brangwen was put to bed, the midwife came. Night fell, the shutters were closed, Brangwen came in to tea, to the loaf and the pewter teapot, the child, silent and quivering, playing with glass beads, the house, empty, it seemed, or exposed to the winter night, as if it had no walls.

Sometimes there sounded, long and remote in the house, vibrating through everything, the moaning cry of a woman in labour. Brangwen, sitting downstairs, was divided. His lower, deeper self was with her, bound to her, suffering. But the big shell of his body remembered
10 the sound of owls that used to fly round the farmstead when he was a

boy. He was back in his youth, a boy, haunted by the sound of the owls, waking up his brother to speak to him. And his mind drifted away to the birds, their solemn, dignified faces, their flight so soft and broad-winged. And then to the birds his brother had shot, fluffy, dust-coloured, dead heaps of softness with faces absurdly asleep. It was a queer thing, a dead owl.

He lifted his cup to his lips, he watched the child with the beads. But his mind was occupied with owls, and the atmosphere of his boyhood, with his brothers and sisters. Elsewhere, fundamental, he was with his wife in labour, the child was being brought forth out of their one flesh. He and she, one flesh, out of which life must be put forth. The rent was not in his body, but it was of his body. On her the blows fell, but the quiver ran through to him, to his last fibre. She must be torn asunder for life to come forth, yet still they were one flesh, and still, from further back, the life came out of him to her, and still he was the unbroken that has the broken rock in its arms, their flesh was one rock from which the life gushed, out of her who was smitten and rent, from him who quivered and yielded.

He went upstairs to her. As he came to the bedside she spoke to him in Polish.

'Is it very bad?' he asked.

She looked at him, and oh, the weariness to her of the effort to understand another language, the weariness of hearing him, attending to him, making out who he was, as he stood there fair-bearded and alien, looking at her. She knew something of him, of his eyes. But she could not grasp him. She closed her eyes.

He turned away, white to the gills.

'It's not so very bad,' said the midwife.

He knew he was a strain on his wife. He went downstairs. The child glanced up at him, frightened.

'I want my mother,' she quavered.

'Ay, but she's badly,' he said mildly, unheeding.

She looked at him with lost, frightened eyes.

'Has she got a headache?'

'No—she's going to have a baby.'

The child looked round. He was unaware of her. She was alone again in terror.

'I want my mother,' came the cry of panic.

'Let Tilly undress you,' he said. 'You're tired.'

There was another silence. Again came the cry of labour.

'I want my mother,' rang automatically from the wincing, panic-stricken child, that felt cut off and lost in a horror of desolation.

Tilly came forward, her heart wrung.

'Come an' let me undress her then, pet-lamb,' she crooned. 'You s'll have your mother in th' mornin', don't you fret, my duckie; never mind, angel.'

But Anna stood upon the sofa, her back to the wall.

'I want my mother,' she cried, her little face quivering and the great tears of childish, utter anguish falling.

'She's poorly, my lamb, she's poorly tonight, but she'll be better by mornin'. Oh don't cry, don't cry, love, she doesn't want you to cry, precious little heart, no, she doesn't.'

Tilly took gently hold of the child's skirts. Anna snatched back her dress, and cried, in a little hysteria:

'No, you're not to undress me—I want my mother,'—and her child's face was running with grief and tears, her body shaken.

'Oh, but let Tilly undress you. Let Tilly undress you, who loves you, don't be wilful tonight. Mother's poorly, she doesn't want you to cry.'

The child sobbed distractedly, she could not hear.

'I want my mother,' she wept.

'When you're undressed, you s'll go up to see your mother—when you're undressed, pet, when you've let Tilly undress you, when you're a little jewel in your nightie, love. Oh don't you cry, don't you——'

Brangwen sat stiff in his chair. He felt his brain going tighter. He crossed over the room, aware only of the maddening sobbing.

'Don't make a noise,' he said.

And a new fear shook the child from the sound of his voice.

She cried mechanically, her eyes looking watchful through her tears, in terror, alert to what might happen.

'I want—my—mother,' quavered the sobbing, blind voice.

A shiver of irritation went over the man's limbs. It was the utter, persistent unreason, the maddening blindness of the voice and the crying.

'You must come and be undressed,' he said, in a quiet voice that was thin with anger.

And he reached his hand and grasped her. He felt her body catch in a convulsive sob. But he too was blind, and intent, irritated into mechanical action. He began to unfasten her little apron. She would have shrunk from him, but could not. So her small body remained in

his grasp, while he fumbled at the little buttons and tapes, unthinking, intent, unaware of anything but the irritation of her. Her body was held taut and resistant, he pushed off the little dress and the petticoats, revealing the white arms. She kept stiff, overpowered, violated, he went on with his task. And all the while she sobbed, choking:

'I want my mother.'

He was unheedingly silent, his face stiff. The child was now incapable of understanding, she had become a little, mechanical thing of fixed will. She wept, her body convulsed, her voice repeating the same cry.

'Eh dear o' me!' cried Tilly, becoming distracted herself. Brangwen, slow, clumsy, blind, intent, got off all the little garments, and stood the child naked in its shift upon the sofa.

'Where's her nightie?' he asked.

Tilly brought it, and he put it on her. Anna did not move her limbs to his desire. He had to push them into place. She stood, with fixed, blind will, resistant, a small convulsed, unchangeable thing weeping ever and repeating the same phrase. He lifted one foot after the other, pulled off slippers and socks. She was ready.

'Do you want a drink?' he asked.

She did not change. Unheeding, uncaring, she stood on the sofa, standing back, alone, her hands shut and half lifted, her face, all tears, raised and blind. And through the sobbing and choking came the broken:

'I—want—my—mother.'

'Do you want a drink?' he said again.

There was no answer. He lifted the stiff, denying body between his hands. Its stiff blindness made a flash of rage go through him. He would like to break it.

He set the child on his knee, and sat again in his chair beside the fire, the wet, sobbing, inarticulate noise going on near his ear, the child sitting stiff, not yielding to him or anything, not aware.

A new degree of anger came over him. What did it all matter? What did it matter if the mother talked Polish and cried in labour, if this child were stiff with resistance, and crying? Why take it to heart? Let the mother cry in labour, let the child cry in resistance, since they would do so. Why should he fight against it, why resist? Let it be, if it were so. Let them be as they were, if they insisted.

And in a daze he sat, offering no fight. The child cried on, the minutes ticked away, a sort of torpor was on him.

It was some little time before he came to, and turned to attend to

the child. He was shocked by her little wet blinded face. A bit dazed, he pushed back the wet hair. Like a living statue of grief, her blind face cried on.

'Nay,' he said, 'not as bad as that. It's not as bad as that, Anna, my child. Come, what are you crying for so much? Come, stop now, it'll make you sick. I'll wipe you dry, don't wet your face any more. Don't cry any more wet tears, don't, it's better not to. Don't cry—it's not so bad as all that. Hush now, hush—let it be enough.'

His voice was queer and distant and calm. He looked at the child. She was beside herself now. He wanted her to stop, he wanted it all to stop, to become natural.

'Come,' he said, rising to turn away, 'we'll go an' supper-up the beast.'

He took a big shawl, folded her round, and went out into the kitchen for the lantern.

'You're never taking the child out, of a night like this,' said Tilly.

'Ay, it'll quieten her,' he answered.

It was raining. The child was suddenly still, shocked, finding the rain on its face, the darkness.

'We'll just give the cows their something-to-eat, afore they go to bed,' Brangwen was saying to her, holding her close and sure.

There was a trickling of water into the butt, a burst of rain-drops, sputtering on to her shawl, and the light of the lantern swinging, flashing on a wet pavement and the base of a wet wall. Otherwise it was black darkness: one breathed darkness.

He opened the doors, upper and lower, and they entered into the high, dry barn, that smelled warm even if it were not warm. He hung the lantern on the nail and shut the door. They were in another world now. The light shed softly on the timbered barn, on the white-washed walls, and the great heap of hay; instruments cast their shadows largely, a ladder rose to the dark arch of a loft. Outside there was the driving rain, inside the softly illuminated stillness and calmness of the barn.

Holding the child on one arm, he set about preparing the food for the cows, filling a pan with chopped hay and brewer's grains and a little meal. The child, all wonder, watched what he did. A new being was created in her for the new conditions. Sometimes, a little spasm, eddying from the bygone storm of sobbing, shook her small body. Her eyes were wide and wondering, pathetic. She was silent, quite still.

In a sort of dream, his heart sunk to the bottom, leaving the surface

of him still, quite still, he rose with the panful of food, carefully balancing the child on one arm, the pan in the other hand. The silky fringe of the shawl swayed softly, grains and hay trickled to the floor; he went along a dimly lit passage behind the mangers, where the horns of the cows pricked out of obscurity. The child shrank, he balanced stiffly, rested the pan on the manger wall, and tipped out the food half to this cow, half to the next. There was a noise of chains running, as the cows lifted or dropped their heads sharply; then a contented, soothing sound, a long snuffing as the beast ate in silence.

The journey had to be performed several times. There was the rhythmic sound of the shovel in the barn, then the man returned walking stiffly between the two weights, the face of the child peering out from the shawl. Then the next time, as he stooped, she freed her arm and put it round his neck, clinging soft and warm, making all easier.

The beast fed, he dropped the pan and sat down on a box, to arrange the child.

'Will the cows go to sleep now?' she said, catching her breath as she spoke.

'Yes.'

'Will they eat all their stuff up first?'

'Yes. Hark at them.'

And the two sat still listening to the snuffing and breathing of cows feeding in the sheds communicating with this small barn. The lantern shed a soft, steady light from one wall. All outside was still in the rain. He looked down at the silky folds of the paisley shawl. It reminded him of his mother. She used to go to church in it. He was back again in the old responsibility and security, a boy at home.

The two sat very quiet. His mind, in a sort of trance, seemed to become more and more vague. He held the child close to him. A quivering little shudder, re-echoing from her sobbing, went down her limbs. He held her closer. Gradually, she relaxed, the eyelids began to sink over her dark, watchful eyes. As she sank to sleep, his mind became blank.

When he came to, as if from sleep, he seemed to be sitting in a timeless stillness. What was he listening for? He seemed to be listening for some sound a long way off, from beyond life. He remembered his wife. He must go back to her. The child was asleep, the eyelids not quite shut, showing a slight film of black pupil between. Why did she not shut her eyes? Her mouth was also a little open.

Assam Premji University Library
Accession No. 36617

He rose quickly and went back to the house.

'Is she asleep?' whispered Tilly.

He nodded. The servant-woman came to look at the child who slept in the shawl, with cheeks flushed hot and red, and a whiteness, a wanness round the eyes.

'God-a-mercy!' whispered Tilly, shaking her head.

He pushed off his boots and went upstairs with the child. He became aware of the anxiety grasped tight at his heart, because of his wife. But he remained still. The house was silent save for the wind outside, and the noisy trickling and splattering of water in the water-butts. There was a slit of light under his wife's door.

He put the child into the bed wrapped as she was in the shawl, for the sheets would be cold. Then he was afraid that she might not be able to move her arms, so he loosened her. The black eyes opened, rested on him vacantly, sank shut again. He covered her up. The last little quiver from the sobbing shook her breathing.

This was his room, the room he had had before he married. It was familiar. He remembered what it was to be a young man, untouched.

He remained suspended. The child slept, pushing her small fists from the shawl. He could tell the woman her child was asleep. But he must go to the other landing. He started. There was the sound of the owls—the moaning of the woman. What an uncanny sound! It was not human—at least to a man.

He went down to her room, entering softly. She was lying still, with her eyes shut, pale, tired. His heart leapt, fearing she was dead. Yet he knew perfectly well she was not. He saw the way her hair went loose over her temples, her mouth was shut with suffering in a sort of grin. She was beautiful to him—but it was not human. He had a dread of her as she lay there. What had she to do with him? She was other than himself.

Something made him go and touch her fingers that were still grasped on the sheet. Her brown-grey eyes opened and looked at him. She did not know him as himself. But she knew him as the man. She looked at him as the woman in childbirth looks at the man who begot the child in her: an impersonal look, in the extreme hour, female to male. Her eyes closed again. A great, scalding peace went over him, burning his heart and his entrails, passing off into the infinite.

When her pains began afresh, tearing her, he turned aside, and could not look. But his heart in torture was in peace, his bowels were glad. He went downstairs, and to the door, outside, lifted his face to

the rain, and felt the darkness striking unseen and steadily upon him.

The swift, unseen threshing of the night upon him silenced him and he was overcome. He turned away indoors, humbly. There was the infinite world, eternal, unchanging, as well as the world of life.

D. H. LAWRENCE

NOTES

7 *in labour:* suffering the pains of childbirth.
19 *elsewhere, fundamental, he was . . . :* in the more fundamental part of him, beneath his conscious mind, he was . . . .
22 *rent:* tearing.
37 *white to the gills:* his face white all over. Fish, not human beings, have gills; but if we had any, they would be below our jaw on either side.
42 *she's badly:* she's ill. Both Brangwen and Tilly speak a type of rural English. (V)
54 *an':* and.
54 *her:* Sometimes 'her/him' is used instead of 'you' when people are talking to a small child.
55 *s'll:* shall.
55 *th':* the.
55 *mornin':* morning.
55 *duckie:* dear.
60 *poorly:* not well.
74 *nightie:* nightdress.
100 *dear o' me:* oh dear. An expression of sorrow and surprise.
102 *shift:* petticoat; piece of underclothing rather like a dress.
124 *take it to heart:* worry about it; take it very seriously.
130 *came to:* became conscious again of things around him.
140 *beside herself:* unable to control herself.
142 *supper-up the beast:* give the animals their supper.
146 *never:* a strong form of 'not', showing surprise.
146 *of a night like this:* on a night like this. (O)
150 *afore:* before. (V)
165 *brewer's grains:* grains similar to those used in making beer.
166 *meal:* coarsely ground grain.
194 *communicating with:* having a doorway to.
196 *paisley:* made of soft wool, with a colourful design of curving shapes (a kind of cloth made originally in Paisley, in Scotland).
209 *film:* very thin strip.
209 *pupil:* the dark centre of the eye.
216 *God-a-mercy:* God have mercy. (O or V)

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the meaning of the following phrases:

a 'On her the blows fell, but the quiver ran through to him, to his last fibre' (lines 22–3).

b 'that felt cut off and lost in a horror of desolation' (line 52).

c 'But he too was blind, and intent, irritated into mechanical action' (lines 88–9).

d 'Sometimes, a little spasm, eddying from the bygone storm of sobbing, shook her small body' (lines 167–8).

e 'She did not know him as himself. But she knew him as the man' (line 243).

2 Though this passage is mainly about the emotions of Brangwen and the little girl, Lawrence is careful to give us a clear and striking picture of the place in which the scene happens. From the start we get many little details mentioned, the closed shutters, the loaf and the pewter teapot on the table, the girl playing with glass beads. Go through the piece picking out all these details.

3 In the second paragraph of this piece, Lawrence describes how Brangwen was 'divided'. His wife's cry reminds him of the cry of owls, and his mind drifts along from one thought to another about the owls; but at the same time his 'lower, deeper self' is with his wife, sharing her pain. Lawrence often writes of a person feeling two different things at the same time—'on the surface' and 'deep down': find other examples in this piece.

4 Lawrence is very skilful at conveying a slow change of feelings in a person. The little girl says 'I want my mother' eight times here. Describe her changing feelings each time she says it, and also the change in Brangwen's feelings down to the point where he says 'Nay, not as bad as that. It's not as bad as that' (line 134).

5 Why do you think both the man and the child get a feeling of peace as they feed the cows in the barn?

9 An English Lesson

Christopher Isherwood (born 1904) is a complete contrast to D. H. Lawrence as a story-teller. Lawrence writes with great emotion, and does not mind repeating what he has said, many times if necessary, in order to make his reader respond with the right intensity of feeling. Isherwood, on the other hand, is very 'cool': in one of his books the person telling the story (or 'narrator') says 'I am a camera', and the remark conveys well the exact, apparently unemotional way in which he makes his observations. He seems to observe himself, even, in the same cool, scientific way as he observes everything else. But in fact he is a very clever writer, always choosing just the right details for his picture—quite unlike a camera. And though he does not force us to feel things by using strong, emotional language, we do find ourselves slowly beginning to have feelings about what he tells us, as the picture builds up.

This extract is from his best-known book, *Goodbye to Berlin*, published in the year the Second World War began, 1939. Isherwood had been living in Berlin for some years previously, partly making his living by teaching English, and it is in Berlin that this scene is set. (The narrator is actually called Christopher Isherwood—but we must not suppose that this is pure autobiography.)

Frl. Hippi Bernstein, my first pupil, lives in the Grunewald, in a house built almost entirely of glass. Most of the richest Berlin families inhabit the Grunewald. It is difficult to understand why. Their villas, in all known styles of expensive ugliness, ranging from the eccentric-rococo folly to the cubist flat-roofed steel-and-glass box, are crowded together in this dank, dreary pinewood. Few of them can afford large gardens, for the ground is fabulously dear: their only view is of their neighbour's backyard, each one protected by a wire fence and a savage dog. Terror of burglary and revolution has reduced these miserable people to a state of siege. They have neither privacy nor sunshine. The district is really a millionaire's slum.

When I rang the bell at the garden gate, a young footman came out with a key from the house, followed by a large growling Alsatian.

'He won't bite you while I'm here,' the footman reassured me, grinning.

The hall of the Bernsteins' house has metal-studded doors and a steamer clock fastened to the wall with bolt-heads. There are modernist

lamps, designed to look like pressure-gauges, thermometers and switchboard dials. But the furniture doesn't match the house and its fittings. The place is like a power-station which the engineers have tried to make comfortable with chairs and tables from an old-fashioned, highly respectable boarding-house. On the austere metal walls hang highly varnished nineteenth-century landscapes in massive gold frames. Herr Bernstein probably ordered the villa from a popular *avant-garde* architect in a moment of recklessness; was horrified at the result and tried to cover it up as much as possible with the family belongings.

Frl. Hippi is a fat pretty girl, about nineteen years old, with glossy chestnut hair, good teeth and big cow-eyes. She has a lazy, jolly, self-indulgent laugh and a well-formed bust. She speaks schoolgirl English with a slight American accent, quite nicely, to her own complete satisfaction. She has clearly no intention of doing any work. When I tried weakly to suggest a plan for our lessons, she kept interrupting to offer me chocolates, coffee, cigarettes: 'Excuse me a minute, there isn't some fruit,' she smiled, picking up the receiver of the house-telephone: 'Anna, please bring some oranges.'

When the maid arrived with the oranges, I was forced, despite my protests, to make a regular meal, with a plate, knife and fork. This destroyed the last pretence of the teacher-pupil relationship. I felt like a policeman being given a meal in the kitchen by an attractive cook. Frl. Hippi sat watching me eat, with her good-natured, lazy smile:

'Tell me, please, why you come to Germany?'

She is inquisitive about me, but only like a cow idly poking with its head between the bars of a gate. She doesn't particularly want the gate to open. I said that I found Germany very interesting:

'The political and economic situation,' I improvised authoritatively, in my schoolmaster voice, 'is more interesting in Germany than in any other European country.'

'Except Russia, of course,' I added experimentally.

But Frl. Hippi didn't react. She just blandly smiled:

'I think it shall be dull for you here? You do not have many friends in Berlin, no?'

'No. Not many.'

This seemed to please and amuse her:

'You don't know some nice girls?'

Here the buzzer of the house-telephone sounded. Lazily smiling, she picked up the receiver, but appeared not to listen to the tinny voice

which issued from it. I could hear quite distinctly the real voice of Frau Bernstein, Hippi's mother, speaking from the next room.

'Have you left your *red* book in here?' repeated Frl. Hippi mockingly and smiling at me as though this were a joke which I must share: 'No, I don't see it. It must be down in the study. Ring up Daddy. Yes, he's working there.' In dumb show, she offered me another orange. I shook my head politely. We both smiled: 'Mummy, what have we got for lunch today? Yes? Really? Splendid!'

She hung up the receiver and returned to her cross-examination:

'Do you not know no nice girls?'

'*Any* nice girls . . . ' I corrected evasively. But Frl. Hippi merely smiled, waiting for the answer to her question.

'Yes. One,' I had at length to add, thinking of Frl. Kost.

'Only one?' She raised her eyebrows in comic surprise. 'And tell me please, do you find German girls different than English girls?'

I blushed. 'Do you find German girls . . . ' I began to correct her and stopped, realizing just in time that I wasn't absolutely sure whether one says *different from* or *different to*.

'Do you find German girls different than English girls?' she repeated, with smiling persistence.

I blushed deeper than ever. 'Yes. Very different,' I said boldly.

'How are they different?'

Mercifully the telephone buzzed again. This was somebody from the kitchen, to say that lunch would be an hour earlier than usual. Herr Bernstein was going to the city that afternoon.

'I am so sorry,' said Frl. Hippi, rising, 'but for today we must finish. And we shall see us again on Friday? Then goodbye, Mr Isherwood. And I thank you very much.'

She fished in her bag and handed me an envelope which I stuck awkwardly into my pocket and tore open only when I was out of sight of the Bernsteins' house. It contained a five-mark piece. I threw it into the air, missed it, found it after five minutes' hunt, buried in sand, and ran all the way to the tram-stop, singing and kicking stones about the road. I felt extraordinarily guilty and elated, as though I'd successfully committed a small theft.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

NOTES

1 *Frl.:* short for *Fräulein*, which means 'Miss' in German.
5 *cubist:* a style of architecture, etc., based on squares, cubes and other geometrical figures.
13 *Alsatian:* a large, fierce kind of dog.
16 *metal-studded:* with metal studs on them.
17 *steamer clock:* the sort of clock one finds in a ship—usually severely practical, with lots of brass.
17 *bolt-head:* the end of a bolt opposite to the one which the nut is screwed on to.
24 *avant-garde:* extremely modern. (French)

QUESTIONS

1 Explain Isherwood's remark that the Grunewald 'is really a millionaire's slum'.
2 Put in your own words the contrast between the house and its furniture.
3 Why do you think Hippi wants English lessons?
4 Why does Isherwood say (line 80) '*Mercifully* the telephone buzzed again'?
5 Why, at the end, did Isherwood feel guilty? And why did he also feel elated?
6 Find the mistakes in Hippi's English.

10 The Bulldog, the Bull and the Bees

This piece is from a light, amusing novel called *Mr Midshipman Easy*, written by a sea-captain called Frederick Marryat (1792–1848), and first published in 1836. It tells the story of a boy called Jack Easy. Jack likes fun, and he also believes what his father has taught him—that all men are equal. For both these reasons he is always getting into trouble, but he usually manages to get out of it again.

A few days afterwards, Jack discovered, one fine morning, on the other side of a hedge, a summer apple-tree bearing tempting fruit, and he immediately broke through the hedge, and climbing the tree, as our first mother did before him, he culled the fairest and did eat.

'I say, you sir, what are you doing there?' cried a rough voice.

Jack looked down, and perceived a stout, thickset personage in grey coat and red waistcoat, standing underneath him.

'Don't you see what I'm about?' replied Jack, 'I'm eating apples; shall I throw you down a few?'

'Thank you kindly—the fewer that are pulled the better; perhaps as you are so free to give them to others as well as to help yourself, you may think that they are your own property!'

'Not a bit more my property than they are yours, my good man.'

'I guess that's something like the truth; but you are not quite at the truth yet, my lad; those apples are mine, and I'll trouble you to come down as fast as you please; when you're down we can then settle our accounts; and,' continued the man, shaking his cudgel, 'depend upon it you shall have your receipt in full.'

Jack did not much like the appearance of things.

'My good man,' said he, 'it is quite a prejudice on your part to imagine that apples were not given, as well as all other fruit, for the benefit of us all—they are common property, believe me.'

'That's a matter of opinion, my lad, and I may be allowed to have my own.'

'You'll find it in the Bible,' says Jack.

'I never did yet, and I've read it through and through all, bating the 'Pocryfar.'

'Then,' said Jack, 'go home and fetch the Bible, and I'll prove it to you.'

'I suspect you'll not wait till I come back again. No, no; I have lost plenty of apples, and have long waited to find the robbers out; now I've caught one I'll take care that he don't 'scape without apple-sauce, at all events—so come down, you young thief, come down directly—or it will be all the worse for you.'

'Thank you,' said Jack, 'but I'm very well here. I will, if you please, argue the point from where I am.'

'I've no time to argue the point, my lad, I've plenty to do, but do not think I'll let you off. If you don't choose to come down, why then you may stay there, and I'll answer for it, as soon as work is done I shall find you safe enough.'

'What can be done,' thought Jack, 'with a man who will not listen to argument? What a world is this!—however, he'll not find me here when he comes back, I've a notion.'

But in this Jack was mistaken. The farmer walked to the hedge, and called to a boy, who took his orders and ran to the farm-house. In a minute or two a large bull-dog was seen bounding along the orchard to his master. 'Mark him, Caesar,' said the farmer to the dog, 'mark him.' The dog crouched down on the grass, with his head up, and eyes glaring at Jack, showing a range of teeth that drove all our hero's philosophy out of his head.

'I can't wait here, but Caesar can, and I will tell you, as a friend, that if he gets hold of you, he'll not leave a limb of you together—when work's done I'll come back;' so saying the farmer walked off, leaving Jack and the dog to argue the point if so inclined. What a sad jade must philosophy be, to put her votaries in such predicaments!

After a while the dog laid his head down and closed his eyes as if asleep, but Jack observed that at the least movement on his part one eye was seen to partially unclose, so Jack, like a prudent man, resolved to remain where he was. He picked a few more apples, for it was his dinner-time, and as he chewed he ruminated.

Jack had been but a few minutes ruminating before he was interrupted by another ruminating animal, no less a personage than a bull, who had been turned out with full possession of the orchard, and who now advanced, bellowing occasionally, and tossing his head at the sight of Caesar, whom he considered as much a trespasser as his master had our hero. Casesar started on his legs and faced the bull, who advanced pawing, with his tail up in the air. When within a few yards

the bull made a rush at the dog, who evaded him and attacked him in return, and thus did the warfare continue until the opponents were already at some distance from the apple-tree. Jack prepared for immediate flight, but unfortunately the combat was carried on by the side of the hedge at which Jack had gained admission. Never mind, thought Jack, there are two sides to every field, and although the other hedge joined on to the garden near to the farm-house, there was no option. 'At all events,' said Jack, 'I'll try it.' Jack was slipping down the trunk, when he heard a tremendous roar; the bull-dog had been tossed by the bull; he was then high in the air, and Jack saw him fall on the other side of the hedge; and the bull was thus celebrating his victory with a flourish of trumpets. Upon which Jack, perceiving that he was relieved from his sentry, slipped down the rest of the tree and took to his heels. Unfortunately for Jack, the bull saw him, and, flushed with victory, he immediately set up another roar, and bounded after Jack. Jack perceived his danger, and fear gave him wings; he not only flew over the orchard, but he flew over the hedge, which was about five feet high, just as the bull drove his head into it. Look before you leap is an old proverb. Had Jack done so, he would have done better; but as there were cogent reasons to be offered in extenuation of our philosopher, we shall say no more, but merely state that Jack, when he got on the other side of the hedge, found that he had pitched into a small apiary, and had upset two hives of bees, who resented the intrusion; and Jack had hardly time to get upon his legs before he found them very busy stinging him in all quarters. All that Jack could do was to run for it, but the bees flew faster than he could run, and Jack was mad with pain, when he stumbled, half-blinded, over the brickwork of a well. Jack could not stop his pitching into the well, but he seized the iron chain as it struck him across the face. Down went Jack, and round went the windlass, and after a rapid descent of forty feet our hero found himself under water, and no longer troubled with the bees, who, whether they had lost scent of their prey from his rapid descent, or being notoriously clever insects, acknowledged the truth of the adage, 'leave well alone', had certainly left Jack with no other companion than Truth. Jack rose from his immersion, and seized the rope to which the chain of the bucket was made fast—it had all of it been unwound from the windlass, and therefore it enabled Jack to keep his head above water. After a few seconds Jack felt something against his legs, it was the bucket, about two feet under the water; Jack put his feet into it and found himself

pretty comfortable, for the water, after the sting of the bees and the heat he had been put into by the race with the bull, was quite cool and refreshing.

'At all events,' thought Jack, 'if it had not been for the bull, I should have been watched by the dog, and then thrashed by the farmer; but then again, if it had not been for the bull, I should not have tumbled among the bees; and if it had not been for the bees, I should not have tumbled into the well; and if it had not been for the chain, I should have been drowned. Such has been the chain of events, all because I wanted to eat an apple.

'However, I have got rid of the farmer and the dog, and the bull, and the bees—all's well that ends well; but how the devil am I to get out of the well? All creation appears to have conspired against the rights of man. As my father said, this is an iron age, and here I am swinging to an iron chain.'

After he had been there some fifteen minutes, his teeth chattered, and his limbs trembled; he felt a numbness all over, and he thought it high time to call for assistance, which at first he would not, as he was afraid he should be pulled up to encounter the indignation of the farmer and his family. Jack was arranging his jaws for a halloo, when he felt the chain pulled up, and he slowly emerged from the water. At first he heard complaints of the weight of the bucket, at which Jack was not surprised, then he heard a tittering and laughing between two parties, and soon afterwards he mounted up gaily. At last his head appeared above the low wall, and he was about to extend his arms so as to secure a position on it, when those who were working at the windlass beheld him. It was a heavy farming man and a maid-servant.

'Thank you,' said Jack.

One never should be too quick in returning thanks; the girl screamed and let go the winch, the man, frightened, did not hold it fast; it slipped from his grasp, whirled round, struck him under the chin and threw him over headlong, and before the 'Thank you' was fairly out of Jack's lips, down he went again like lightning to the bottom. Fortunately for Jack, he had not yet let go the chain, or he might have struck the sides and have been killed; as it was he was merely soused a second time, and in a minute or two regained his former position.

'This is mighty pleasant,' thought Jack, as he clapped his wet hat once more on his head; 'at all events, they can't now plead ignorance, they must know that I'm here.'

In the meantime the girl ran into the kitchen, threw herself down on

a stool from which she reeled off in a fit upon sundry heaps of dough waiting to be baked in the oven, which were laid to rise on the floor before the fire.

'Mercy on me, what is the matter with Susan?' exclaimed the farmer's wife. 'Here—where's Mary—where's John? Deary me, if the bread won't all be turned to pancakes.'

John soon followed, holding his under-jaw in his hand, looking very dismal and very frightened, for two reasons, one because he thought that his jaw was broken, and the other, because he thought he had seen the devil.

'Mercy on us, what is the matter?' exclaimed the farmer's wife again. 'Mary, Mary, Mary!' screamed she, beginning to be frightened herself, for with all her efforts she could not remove Susan from the bed of dough, where she lay senseless and heavy as lead. Mary answered to her mistress's loud appeal, and with her assistance they raised up Susan, but as for the bread, there were no hopes of it ever rising again. 'Why don't you come here and help Susan, John?' cried Mary.

'Aw-yaw-aw!' was all the reply of John, who had had quite enough of helping Susan, and who continued to hold his head, as it were, in his hand.

'What's the matter here, missus?' exclaimed the farmer, coming in. 'Highty-tighty, what ails Susan, and what ails you?' continued the farmer, turning to John. 'Dang it, but everything seems to go wrong this blessed day. First there be all the apples stolen—then there be all the hives turned topsy-turvy in the garden—then there be Caesar with his flank opened by the bull—then there be the bull broken through the hedge and tumbled into the saw-pit—and now I come to get more help to drag him out, I find one woman dead like, and John looks as if he had seen the devil.'

'Aw-yaw-aw!' replied John, nodding his head very significantly.

'One would think that the devil had broke loose today. What is it, John? Have you seen him, and has Susan seen him?'

'Aw-yaw.'

'He's stopped your jaw then, at all events, and I thought the devil himself wouldn't have done that—we shall get nothing of you. Is that wench coming to her senses?'

'Yes, yes, she's better now. Susan, what's the matter?'

'Oh, oh, ma'am! the well, the well——'

'The well! Something wrong there, I suppose: well I will go and see.'

The farmer trotted off to the well; he perceived the bucket was at the bottom and all the rope out; he looked about him, and then he looked into the well. Jack, who had become very impatient, had been looking up some time for the assistance which he expected would have come sooner; the round face of the farmer occasioned a partial eclipse of the round disk which bounded his view, just as one of the satellites of Jupiter sometimes obscures the face of the planet round which he revolves.

'Here I am,' cried Jack, 'get me up quick, or I shall be dead;' and what Jack said was true, for he was quite done up by having been so long down, although his courage had not failed him.

'Dang it, but there be somebody fallen into the well,' cried the farmer; 'no end of mishaps this day. Well we must get a christian out of a well afore we get a bull out of a saw-pit, so I'll go call the men.'

In a very short time the men who were assembled round the saw-pit were brought to the well.

'Down below there, hold on now.'

'Never fear,' cried Jack.

Away went the winch, and once more Jack had an extended horizon to survey. As soon as he was at the top, the men hauled him over the bricks and laid him down upon the ground, for Jack's strength had failed him.

'Dang it, if it bean't that chap who was on my apple-tree,' cried the farmer—'howsomever he must not die for stealing a few apples; lift him up, lads, and take him in—he is dead with cold—no wonder.'

The farmer led the way, and the men carried Jack into the house, when the farmer gave him a glass of brandy; this restored Jack's circulation, and in a short time he was all right again.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

NOTES

4 *fairest:* best; most beautiful. (O)
4 *did eat:* ate. (O)
8 *about:* doing.
10 *pulled:* picked.
26 *bating the 'Pocryfar:* except for the Book of Apocrypha.
32 *'scape:* escape.
32 *apple-sauce:* punishment.

33 *at all events:* whatever may happen.
39 *answer for it:* guarantee.
42 *what a world is this!:* what a world this is! (O)
47 *mark him:* watch him.
49 *range:* set.
54 *sad jade:* worthless creature.
58 *unclose:* open.
72 *gained admission:* got in.
81 *took to his heels:* ran.
92 *in all quarters:* everywhere.
104 *made fast:* tied.
125 *high time:* fully time; quite time.
125 *would not:* did not want to do. (O)
131 *parties:* persons. (O)
139 *fairly:* quite; fully.
144 *mighty pleasant:* very unpleasant.
144 *clapped:* put with some force.
145 *plead ignorance:* pretend they don't know.
152 *deary me, if . . . :* oh, dear, I do believe that. . . .
166 *as it were:* as one might say.
168 *missus:* wife.
169 *highty-tighty:* an expression of annoyance.
170 *dang it:* damn it. (V)
171 *there be:* there are. (V)
174 *saw-pit:* a hole in which one man stands while he is sawing wood, while the man at the other end of the long saw stands at ground level.
175 *dead like:* as if dead. (V)
178 *had broke:* had broken. (V)
182 *get nothing of you:* get nothing out of you. (V)
183 *coming to her senses:* coming back to normal again.
197 *done up:* exhausted.
201 *afore:* before. (V)
205 *never fear:* do not fear.
210 *bean't:* isn't. (V)
211 *howsomever:* however. (V)

NEELBAGH SCHOOL 2918 RAYALPADU

QUESTIONS

1 When the farmer says 'Thank you kindly' (line 10), does he mean it? Why does he say it?
2 Why does Jack suggest that the farmer should go home and fetch the Bible?
3 What is 'our hero's philosophy' (lines 49–50)?
4 How did Jack escape from the bees?

5 In line 101 we find a pun: a word used in two different meanings at the same time for comic effect. Explain this pun on the word 'well'.
6 Why did the girl scream, and why was the man frightened, when Jack said 'Thank you' (line 135)?
7 Why could the girl Mary and the man John not tell the farmer's wife and the farmer what was the matter?
8 What is our final impression of the farmer's character?

11 If . . .

This is a poem that has been much loved in England, and also much hated! It is by Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936), who is often regarded as the poet of the British Empire: the writer who most passionately praised the virtues that, for instance, the British who ruled in India would have admired. This poem is about those virtues. It teaches the same ideals that many of the British upper-class boarding schools (known in fact as 'the public schools') have tried to teach. It tells a boy what he must do if he wants to become 'a man': he must be brave, he must be determined, above all he must rely on nobody but himself. This is also—in Kipling's view—the way to happiness. But many people have thought Kipling quite wrong here: they have thought it much more important, for a man, as well as for a woman, to be loving and sensitive, even if this sometimes causes one to be hurt or to fail. Such people would say that the virtues Kipling praises are really a mask for the love of power.

However, Kipling himself was not so simple as this poem, on its own, might suggest. He knew the vices and failings of the British in India (in Book 3 there is a short story by him on that subject); and he also had a strong feeling for what he saw as the mystery and romance of India, which is reflected in books like *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *Kim* (1901).

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING

NOTES

1 *keep your head:* remain calm.
2 *losing theirs:* becoming confused.
8 *talk too wise:* talk too wisely. (O)
16 *'em:* them.
18 *pitch-and-toss:* a game of chance.
22 *serve your turn:* do what you wish them to do for you.
26 *lose the common touch:* cease to be able to get on with ordinary people.

QUESTIONS

1 The difficulties and dangers this poem describes are mainly those caused by other people. Go through the poem listing all the ways it mentions in which people make life difficult for 'you'.
2 After answering question 1, make a parallel list describing how the poet thinks 'you' ought to behave in each of those situations.

3 What other difficulties and dangers—not caused by other people—does the poem mention?

4 Here are some of the lines which critics of the poem have particularly disliked:

> 'And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise' (line 8).
> '. . . and not make thoughts your aim' (line 10).
> 'If all men count with you, but none too much' (line 28).

Say what you think readers might have objected to in these lines, and give your own opinion on the way of life Kipling recommends in them.

5 How far do you think the last verse can be said to express a 'democratic' point of view?

6 The rhymes in this poem are there to add force and emphasis. Every line rhymes, in fact. The odd lines all have what are called 'feminine' rhymes—that is, rhymes with the stress on the syllable before the last, like 'waiting' and 'hating'; the even lines all have 'masculine' rhymes—that is, rhymes with the stress on the last syllable, like 'lies' and 'wise'. Go through the poem, noticing (and, if you like, writing down) all these pairs of rhymes.

12 Paul Becomes a Schoolmaster

Evelyn Waugh (1903–67) is one of the funniest modern writers. This extract comes from his first novel, *Decline and Fall*, which was published when he was twenty-five, and made him a success immediately. Paul Pennyfeather, the hero, has had to leave Oxford University because he has got into trouble there through no fault of his own. He takes a job as a badly paid schoolmaster in a little private boarding-school in an old castle. The novel is, to a large extent, a satire on such schools. The headmaster, Dr Fagan, who is the owner of the school, charges the boys' parents a lot of money; but he does not give much in return, as Paul Pennyfeather finds out.

'I am Mr Pennyfeather,' Paul said to the butler. 'I have come here as a master.'

'Yes', said the butler. 'I know all about you. This way.'

They went down a number of passages, unlit and smelling obscurely of all the ghastly smells of school, until they reached a brightly lighted door.

'In there. That's the Common Room.' Without more ado, the butler made off into the darkness.

Paul looked round. It was not a very big room. Even he felt that, and all his life he had been accustomed to living in constricted spaces.

'I wonder how many people live here,' he thought, and with a sick thrust of apprehension counted sixteen pipes in a rack at the side of the chimneypiece. Two gowns hung on a hook behind the door. In a corner were some golf clubs, a walking stick, an umbrella and two miniature rifles. Over the chimneypiece was a green baize notice-board covered with lists; there was a typewriter on the table. In a book-case were a number of very old textbooks and some new exercise-books. There were also a bicycle pump, two armchairs, a straight chair, half a bottle of invalid port, a boxing-glove, a bowler hat, yesterday's *Daily News* and a packet of pipe-cleaners.

Paul sat down disconsolately on the straight chair.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and a small boy came in.

'Oh!' he said, looking at Paul intently.

'Hullo!' said Paul.

'I was looking for Captain Grimes,' said the little boy.

'Oh!' said Paul.

The child continued to look at Paul with a penetrating impersonal interest.

'I suppose you're the new master?' he said.

'Yes,' said Paul. 'I'm called Pennyfeather.'

The little boy gave a shrill laugh. 'I think that's terribly funny,' he said, and went away.

Presently the door opened again, and two more boys looked in. They stood and giggled for a time and then made off.

In the course of the next half hour six or seven boys appeared on various pretexts and stared at Paul.

Then a bell rang, and there was a terrific noise of whistling and scampering. The door opened, and a very short man of about thirty came into the Common Room. He had made a great deal of noise in coming because he had an artificial leg. He had a short red moustache, and was slightly bald.

'Hullo!' he said.

'Hullo!' said Paul.

'I'm Captain Grimes,' said the newcomer, and 'Come in, you,' he added to someone outside.

Another boy came in.

'What do you mean,' said Grimes, 'by whistling when I told you to stop?'

'Everyone else was whistling,' said the boy.

'What's that got to do with it?' said Grimes.

'I should think it had a lot to do with it,' said the boy.

'Well, just you do a hundred lines, and next time, remember, I shall beat you,' said Grimes, 'with this,' said Grimes, waving the walking stick.

'That wouldn't hurt much,' said the boy, and went out.

'There's no discipline in the place,' said Grimes and then he went out too.

'I wonder whether I'm going to enjoy being a schoolmaster,' thought Paul.

Quite soon another and older man came into the room.

'Hullo!' he said to Paul.

'Hullo!' said Paul.

'I'm Prendergast,' said the newcomer. 'Have some port?'

'Thank you, I'd love to.'

'Well, there's only one glass.'

'Oh well, it doesn't matter then.'

'You might get your tooth-glass from your bedroom.'

'I don't know where that is.'

'Oh, well, never mind; we'll have some another night. I suppose you're the new master?'

'Yes.'

'You'll hate it here. I know. I've been here ten years. Grimes only came this term. He hates it already. Have you seen Grimes?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'He isn't a gentleman. Do you smoke?'

'Yes.'

'A pipe, I mean.'

'Yes.'

'Those are my pipes. Remind me to show them to you after dinner.'

At this moment the butler appeared with a message that Dr Fagan wished to see Mr Pennyfeather.

Dr Fagan's part of the Castle was more palatial. He stood at the end of a long room with his back to a rococo marble chimneypiece; he wore a velvet dinner-jacket.

'Settling in?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Paul.

Sitting before the fire, with a glass bottle of sweets in her lap, was a brightly dressed woman in early middle age.

'That,' said Dr Fagan with some disgust, 'is my daughter.'

'Pleased to meet you,' said Miss Fagan. 'Now what I always tells the young chaps as comes here is, "Don't let the Dad overwork you." He's a regular Tartar, is Dad, but then you know what scholars are—inhuman. Ain't you,' said Miss Fagan, turning on her father with sudden ferocity—'ain't you inhuman?'

'At times, my dear, I am grateful for what little detachment I have achieved. But here,' he added, 'is my other daughter.'

Silently, except for a scarcely perceptible jingling of keys, another woman had entered the room. She was younger than her sister, but far less gay.

'How do you do?' she said. 'I do hope you have brought some soap with you. I asked my father to tell you, but he so often forgets these things. Masters are not supplied with soap or with boot polish or with washing over two shillings and sixpence weekly. Do you take sugar in your tea?'

'Yes, usually.'

'I will make a note of that and have two extra lumps put out for you. Don't let the boys get them, though.'

'I have put you in charge of the fifth form for the rest of this term,' said Dr Fagan. 'You will find them delightful boys, quite delightful. Clutterbuck wants watching, by the way, a very delicate little chap. I have also put you in charge of the games, the carpentering class and the fire drill. And I forget, do you teach music?'

'No, I'm afraid not.'

'Unfortunate, most unfortunate. I understood from Mr Levy that you did. I have arranged for you to take Beste-Chetwynde in organ lessons twice a week. Well, you must do the best you can. There goes the bell for dinner. I won't detain you. Oh, one other thing. Not a word to the boys, please, about the reasons for your leaving Oxford! We schoolmasters must temper discretion with deceit. There, I fancy I have said something for you to think about. Good night.'

'Tootle-oo,' said the elder Miss Fagan.

EVELYN WAUGH

NOTES

7 *Common Room:* the room in which all the masters could sit between lessons.
8 *made off:* went away.
13 *gowns:* black robes worn over their ordinary clothes by teachers in some English schools.
19 *invalid port:* a strong wine which is supposd to help people to get well again after an illness.
20 *pipe-cleaners:* wires covered with wool which one puts through a pipe to clean it after one has smoked it.
85 *settling in?:* are you getting used to this new place?
90 *I . . . tells:* I . . . tell. Miss Fagan speaks low-class English. (V)
91 *as comes:* who come. (V)
91 *the Dad:* my father; Father; Dad. (V)
92 *a regular Tartar:* a really hard, violent person.
93 *ain't:* aren't. (V)
112 *fire drill:* practising what to do in case of fire.
121 *tootle-oo:* good-bye. (V)

QUESTIONS

1 The boys in this school are not very well behaved. Find all the examples you can of this bad behaviour.
2 Paul notices as soon as he arrives at the school that the passages are unlit. It is the first sign that Dr Fagan spends no more money than absolutely necessary. Go through the piece finding all the other places where this fact is revealed.
3 In what ways is Dr Fagan's part of the school 'more palatial'?
4 Describe the differences between the characters of Captain Grimes and Mr Prendergast.
5 Which of Dr Fagan's daughters helps him to save money?
6 What is the mistake Dr Fagan has made about Paul's qualifications as a teacher? And what does he suggest doing about it? Is this a very satisfactory solution?

13 Thoughts on Various Subjects

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745) was one of the fiercest critics in English literature of human weaknesses. But he was a very amusing man as well, and he wrote beautiful prose. He was born in Ireland, and spent most of the later part of his life there as a clergyman at St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. His most famous book is *Gulliver's Travels*, an extract from which appears in Book 3. This book describes, among other things, the visit of Gulliver to the island of Lilliput, where the people are only six inches high. The story of the absurd wars of these little people is intended by Swift as a satire on people of his own time. Swift also published, at different times in his life, sets of 'thoughts' on various subjects, of which a selection is given here. All of them show Swift's knowledge of human vanity and folly, as well as the sharp and witty style of which he was such a master.

We have just Religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

No Preacher is listened to, but Time; which gives us the same Train and Turn of Thought, that elder people have tried in vain to put into our Heads before.

When we desire or solicit any Thing, our Minds run wholly on the good Side, or Circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our Minds run only on the bad ones.

When a true Genius appears in the World, you may know him by this infallible Sign; that the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him.

It is pleasant to observe, how free the present Age is in laying Taxes on the next. *Future Ages shall talk of this: This shall be famous to all Posterity*. Whereas, their Time and Thoughts will be taken up about present Things as ours are now.

If Man will observe as he walks the Streets, I believe he will find the merriest Countenances in Mourning-Coaches.

Old Men and Comets have been reverenced for the same Reason; their long Beards, and Pretences to foretel Events.

Most Kinds of Diversion in Men, Children, and other Animals, are an Imitation of Fighting.

Very few Men, properly speaking, *live* at present; but are providing to *live* another Time.

Every man has just as much Vanity as he wants Understanding.

It is with narrow-soul'd People as with narrow-neck'd Bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested People in the World, of one Religion, but that they should talk together every day.

JONATHAN SWIFT

NOTES

4 *train and turn of thought:* way of thinking.
16 *mourning-coaches:* carriages in a funeral procession.
18 *foretel:* foretell. (O)
23 *wants:* lacks. (O)

QUESTIONS

1 Put into your own words Swift's meaning in the first of these thoughts.
2 Which of these thoughts are about the way people deceive themselves and fail to see the truth?
3 Which of these thoughts are about man's selfish desires?
4 Which of these thoughts are about the unhappiness of human life?
5 In one of these thoughts, men are compared with comets; in another, with narrow-necked bottles. Show how apt these comparisons are.
6 The last of these thoughts is the only hopeful one: do you agree with it?
7 Try to write one or two sharply worded thoughts of your own on the way people deceive themselves.

14 The Trout

Fishermen have a reputation for boasting about the size of the fish they have caught. Here is a funny story based on that fact. It is from a popular humorous novel, *Three Men in a Boat*, by Jerome K. Jerome (1859–1927). The novel describes the adventures of three friends who went for a holiday by boat up the River Thames.

If ever you have an evening to spare, up the river, I should advise you to drop into one of the little village inns, and take a seat in the tap-room. You will be nearly sure to meet one or two old rod-men, sipping their toddy there, and they will tell you enough fishy stories in half an hour to give you indigestion for a month.

George and I went for a walk to Wallingford on the second evening, and, coming home, we called in at a little riverside inn, for a rest, and other things.

We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally began chatting.

He told us that it had been a fine day today and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day tomorrow; and George said that the crops seemed to be coming up nicely.

After that it came out, somehow or other, that we were strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass case, fixed very high up above the chimneypiece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod.

'Ah!' said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, 'fine fellow that, ain't he?'

'Quite uncommon,' I murmured; and George asked the old man how much he thought it weighed.

'Eighteen pounds six ounces,' said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. 'Yes,' he continued, 'it wur sixteen year ago, come the third o' next month, that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge

with a minnow. They told me he wur in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking. Good night, gentlemen, good night.'

And he went out, and left us alone.

We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it, when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn, came to the door of the room with a pot of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish.

'Good-sized trout, that,' said George, turning round to him.

'Ah! you may well say that, sir,' replied the man; and then, after a pull at his beer, he added: 'Maybe you wasn't here, sir, when that fish was caught?'

'No,' we told him. We were strangers in the neighbourhood.

'Ah!' said the carrier, 'then, of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout.'

'Oh! was it you who caught it, then?' said I.

'Yes, sir,' replied the genial old fellow. 'I caught him just below the lock—leastways, what was the lock then—one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me aback. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pound. Good night, gentlemen, good night.'

Five minutes afterwards a third man came in, and described how *he* had caught it early one morning, with bleak; and then he left, and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down by the window.

None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the newcomer and said:

'I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we—perfect strangers in the neighbourhood—are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there.'

'Why, who told you I caught that trout?' was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

'Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable,' answered the stolid stranger, laughing; 'because, as a matter of fact, you are right. I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that. Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing.'

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went in his turn, and when he was gone, the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused, and we all laughed very heartily.

'Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that they had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good,' said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. 'Yes, they are the sort to give it to *me*, to put up in my parlour, if *they* had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!'

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill, but by that unaccountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree.

He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his schoolmaster had said it was worth the rule-of-three and practice put together.

He was called out of our room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it.

It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it.

And then the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on top of it.

'You haven't injured the fish, have you?' I cried in alarm, rushing up.

'I hope not,' said George, rising cautiously and looking about.

But he had. That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments—I say a thousand, but they may have only been nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that.

And so it would have been strange and unaccountable, if it had been a stuffed trout, but it was not.

That trout was plaster of Paris.

JEROME K. JEROME

NOTES

2 *drop into:* visit informally.
3 *rod-men:* people who fish with rods.
4 *fishy stories.* 'Fishy' has two meanings: 'concerning fish' and 'which one finds hard to believe'.
7 *called in at:* stopped at; visited.
23 *ain't:* isn't. The fishermen in this story speak a rural type of English. (V)
27 *wur:* was. (V)
27 *come:* on. (V)
28 *o':* of.
31 *I'm thinking:* I think. (V)
37 *good-sized:* of a good size; big.
39 *pull at:* drink of.
39 *you wasn't:* you weren't. (V)
49 *blest if it didn't quite take . . . :* a stronger way of saying 'it quite took . . .'.
49 *take me aback:* amaze me.
53 *bleak:* small kinds of fish.
56 *at length:* at last.
59 *perfect strangers:* completely strangers.
78 *they are the sort to . . . :* they are the sort of people who would . . . . The landlord is joking, and means, 'they are not the sort . . .'.
81 *it seemed that:* his story made it appear that; according to him.
83 *wait upon:* be the fate of.
84 *plays the wag:* is absent from school without permission.
87 *rule-of-three:* the rule of proportion; for example, two is to three as four is to what? (The answer is six.)
88 *put together:* combined.
107 *plaster of Paris:* white paste made from very fine powder and water. One can model things out of it, and when it dries, it gets very hard.

QUESTIONS

1 Did George and his friend have a good conversation with the first man they spoke to, before they noticed the trout?
2 What was the weight of the fish, according to the three different people who spoke of it?
3 Why did George and his friend feel instinctively that the fourth man who came into the inn had caught the trout?
4 Was the landlord an 'honest old fellow', as is said in line 78?
5 How did George and his friend discover the truth about the trout?

15 Disraeli and His Wife

Here is an extract from an excellent modern biography (story of a person's life written by somebody else): *Disraeli*, by Robert Blake, published in 1966. Benjamin Disraeli was Prime Minister of Great Britain for a short while in 1868, and again from 1874 to 1880. (He was also a writer of good political novels.) Queen Victoria admired him greatly. He was a very ambitious man, but also a man of strong, deep feelings. Blake's biography examines the contradictions in Disraeli's character fairly. In this passage we see Blake trying to explain the motives behind Disraeli's marriage. Disraeli was thirty-four when he married; while his bride, Mary Anne Wyndham Lewis, was a widow of forty-six, and not a particularly well-educated woman (the Dean Swift she wanted to invite to a party was the eighteenth-century writer we met on page 59). But this rather surprising marriage was a great success.

Mary Anne was forty-five when her husband died, and her character was fully formed. She was an incessant talker—what in the language of the day was termed 'a rattle'—and of a flirtatious disposition. She was impulsive, warm-hearted, kind and affectionate; palpably not from the top flight of society, even perhaps by their standards slightly 'common'. Mary Anne did not lack shrewdness and a certain native wit, but she was remarkably uneducated and often made absurd remarks. To Disraeli himself we owe the story that she could never remember who came first, the Greeks or the Romans; while Rosina Bulwer would recount a malicious tale of how when the conversation had turned on the subject of the great Dean Swift, Mary Anne had asked who he was so that she could invite him to one of her parties.

Disraeli had first met her on April 27, 1832, at a soirée of Bulwer's. He described her to Sarah as 'a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle, indeed gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled and of which I can convey no idea'. And he went on to add: 'She told me she "liked silent melancholy men". I answered "that I had no doubt of it".'

Naturally, however, they saw much more of each other when Disraeli became member for Maidstone and in the autumn of 1837 she and her husband stayed for a week at Bradenham. Disraeli's letters to her suggest, as Monypenny puts it, 'a sort of mock devotion'. With Wyndham Lewis's death that situation could not continue. It is clear

that she sought sympathy and support from Disraeli in her bereavement and he gave her advice on the legal problems arising from her inheritance. Her brother, who was seriously ill, died in the same year and she appears to have been on distant terms with her husband's relations.

> Upon my honour, dear kind Dizzy [she wrote from Glamorgan while on business over her husband's estate], you are the only person I have written to (except on business) since I left town . . . I am glad you pass so much of your time with Lady L . . . . because the more you go to there or to any other married lady the less likely you are to think of marrying yourself . . . I hate married men . . . I would much sooner you were dead . . . . Selfish, yes I am.

Precisely when Disraeli first contemplated marrying her is obscure. Sir William Gregory in his autobiography has a story that it was suggested to him in jest by d'Orsay and Disraeli accepted the idea, which seemed new to him, with alacrity. This may or may not be true. What is quite certain is that, anyway in the first instance, Disraeli's motives were essentially practical. Mrs Lewis was remarkably youthful for her years, but it is hardly conceivable that the garrulous *naïveté* of a widow twelve years older than himself would have appealed to a sophisticated man of the world like Disraeli if she had had neither money nor position. He had arrived at a moment in his career when a good marriage was, if not essential, at least highly useful. The commonly accepted opinion then and ever since that he married her for her money is, therefore, plausible enough, and appears to be confirmed by a sentence from the famous letter which he wrote to her during his courtship after a quarrel. 'I avow, when I first made my advances to you, I was influenced by no romantic feelings.'

His intimate friends certainly took it for granted.

> My good D'Is [wrote d'Orsay], when I read in the beginning of your letter the tragedy is finished I thought you were married but on reflection I suppose that if it was so you would have said the comedy. How is it that you leave her in London by herself?

Yet when every allowance is made for interested motives there is something about Disraeli's conduct that does not quite fit with a purely cynical purpose. For one thing he took to poetry, in his case a sure sign of love. It is part of the ambivalent mixture of romance and

NEEL BAGH

irony in his outlook that one can never be sure what he was thinking about anything. The dandies and men of the world among whom he moved assumed that he was marrying for money. Perhaps they even convinced him, and it may have been true at first; to deny it now would make him appear a romantic simpleton. But it is difficult to read his letters to her without feeling that there was more to it than that.

If he is telling the truth in the extraordinary letter which finally brought her to accept him, he did not know at first that she had only a life interest in her husband's fortune. He soon found out, but he persisted all the same. It is undeniable that the restrictions on her use of capital made a great difference to a mere fortune-hunter in those days before the Married Women's Property Act. If her money had been hers absolutely, it would have been his after marriage and he could have paid off all his debts. Although as things turned out she was able to help him, the fact would not have been self-evident to begin with. Moreover, she was twelve years older, and likely to predecease him. If so he would obtain nothing, for not only her fortune but her London house was entailed to relatives of her first husband.

Disraeli needed a home, affection, security. He had reached the age which most men of sense reach sooner or later when, as he put it, he 'shrank from all the torturing passions of intrigue'. Feminine sympathy, admiration, idolatry, were essential to him.

Once again there is the search for a missing mother. 'Tell me that you love your child,' he writes, and he often uses similar words. It is hard to believe that he was concerned solely with money. Some of his letters have, it is true, a histrionic ring. Signed with his 'mystical mark', which looks like the outline of a misshapen turnip, they often refer to his trembling hand, streaming eyes and pale lips. But this was part of his manner; it need not be regarded as a pose.

> I pass my nights and days in scenes of strange & fascinating rapture. Till I embrace you I shall not know what calmness is. I write this to beg you to have your hand *ungloved*, when you arrive, so that you may stand by me, & I may hold & clasp & feel your soft delicious hand as I help your mother out of the carriage; now mind this, or I shall be insane with disappointment . . . . A thousand & 1000 kisses. More, more, come, come, come.

On other occasions he is more matter of fact. 'My dearest love, I have been obliged to betake myself to bed & wish you were with me there.'

Disraeli first avowed his love at the end of July. She insisted that a year should elapse from her husband's death before she gave any answer. At some stage she admitted her love for him, but she remained adamant about the year.

Early in their acquaintanceship she lent some money to him to help him out of a difficulty. Doubtless she had no lack of warning from those who disliked him that he was an adventurer out for money. The year was not up till the Ides of March, and she continued to hold him off. Meanwhile Disraeli began to sense the invidiousness of his own position. His friends expected the news of his engagement at any moment. He must either get a favourable answer or break things off altogether. To continue on the present basis would incur the charge of being a rich middle-aged widow's paid lover. On February 7 he resolved to put matters to the test. He called at Grosvenor Gate and pressed her with the strongest words at his command to marry him. There followed a furious row. She flung the loan in his face, called him 'a selfish bully' and ordered him never to return to her house. Disraeli went back to his lodgings in Park Street and wrote a letter of over 1,500 words—it must have taken him at least two hours—and dispatched it that night. The letter is a remarkable production.

He wrote, he said, 'as if it were the night before my execution'. Everyone was talking of their forthcoming union except her. A friend had even offered him 'one of his seats for our happy month. The affair was then approaching absurdity'. She must 'as a woman of the world which you are thoroughly' recognize the difference between their positions.

> The continuance of the present state of affairs cd only render you *disreputable*; me it wd render *infamous* . . . .
>
> This reputation impends over me . . . ere a few weeks I must inevitably chuse between being ridiculous or being contemptible. I must be recognized as being jilted, or I must at once sink into what your friend Lady Morgan has already styled me '*Mrs Wyndham-Lewis's De Novo*'.

He admitted that he had not been influenced by love when he made his first advances. But his heart was touched when he found her in sorrow. He felt that she was 'one whom I cd look upon with pride as the partner of my life, who cd sympathize with all my projects & feelings, console me in the moments of depression, share my hour of triumph & work with me for our honour and happiness'. As for her

fortune, it was far less than he or the world had believed. What use was a mere jointure to him? 'Was this an inducement to sacrifice my sweet liberty & that indefinite future which is one of the charms of existence?' In the course of time he would succeed to that financial independence which was needful. 'All that society can offer is at my command . . . I wd not condescend to be the minion of a princess . . . . My nature demands that my life shd be perpetual love.' He ended on a note of sombre prophecy.

> For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle. But the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be fond and despair of one that could be faithful. Then will be the penal hour of retribution; then you will recall to your memory the passionate heart that you have forfeited and the genius you have betrayed.

Most women on receiving such a letter would have broken off the affair at once. But Mary Anne, eccentric and unsophisticated as she was, saw that there was something behind this theatrical extravagance. She realized, perhaps for the first time, that even if his feelings for her could not be described as love in the ordinary sense, at least they were not purely mercenary. 'For God's sake come to me,' she wrote. 'I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money . . . I am devoted to you.' And so all was well at last. She accepted him and they were married very quietly at St George's, Hanover Square, on August 28, the day after the session ended.

The marriage was a great success. To say that they lived happily ever after would be an exaggeration, but it is as near the truth as it can be of any marriage. Disraeli behaved towards her with a devotion and respect which was considered exemplary. As for Mary Anne, she sank her existence in his. She gave him just the love, devotion and worship he needed, and she protected him from the tiresome domestic details he detested. She believed passionately in his genius. She did everything she could for him.

ROBERT BLAKE

NOTES

3 *a rattle:* a person who talks too much without saying much that is worth hearing.
5 *top flight:* highest class.
6 *native wit:* intelligence which she had been born with.
12 *so that she could invite him:* Swift had, in fact, died about a hundred years earlier!
19 *member:* Member of Parliament.
29 *her husband's estate:* what her husband had left in his will.
40 *in the first instance:* to begin with.
112 *charge:* accusation.
115 *flung the loan in his face:* used the loan as a means of making him feel ashamed of himself.
126 *cd:* could.
127 *wd:* would.
129 *chuse:* choose. (O)
132 *De Novo:* from the beginning again. (Latin)
140 *jointure:* money the income from which one can use during one's lifetime, but the capital of which one cannot touch.
145 *shd:* should.

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the following phrases:

a 'of a flirtatious disposition' (line 3).
b 'a sort of mock devotion' (line 21).
c 'the ambivalent mixture of romance and irony in his outlook' (lines 60–61).
d 'not only her fortune but her London house was entailed to relatives of her first husband' (lines 78–9).
e 'For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle' (line 147).
f 'she sank her existence in his' (lines 166–7).

2 Why do you think Disraeli said that he 'had no doubt of it' when Mary Anne told him she liked 'silent melancholy men'?
3 Why did d'Orsay think that if Disraeli had been married he would have said in his letter 'the *comedy* is finished'?
4 Why would Disraeli have obtained nothing, if his wife had predeceased him?
5 There is evidence that Disraeli married Mary Anne for her money, and also evidence that he married her for other reasons. Make a list, first, of the evidence that he married her for money, then a list of the other possible reasons.

16 Morning in the East

Joseph Conrad (1857–1924) was a Pole who joined the British Merchant Navy when he was a young man. He learned English, and eventually became an outstanding English novelist. Not all his novels are about sea life—in fact, he wrote about many of the political and moral problems of the twentieth century—but this passage comes from one of his books about the sea. *Youth* (1902) describes the first voyage of a young man to the East: the ship catches fire, and the crew come to land in three small boats. The extract begins with the young man shouting to a steamer in the Eastern seaport where they arrived in the darkness.

'What steamer is this, pray?'

'Eh? What's this? And who are you?'

'Castaway crew of an English barque burnt at sea. We came here tonight. I am the second mate. The captain is in the long boat and wishes to know if you would give us a passage somewhere.'

'Oh, my goodness! I say . . . This is the *Celestial* from Singapore on her return trip. I'll arrange with your captain in the morning . . . '.

I pulled back, made fast again to the jetty, and then went to sleep at last. I had faced the silence of the East. I had heard some of its language. But when I opened my eyes again the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.

And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an Eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that hung shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living and

unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine. They slept thrown across the thwarts, curled on bottom-boards, in the careless attitudes of death. The head of the old skipper, leaning back in the stern of the long-boat, had fallen on his breast, and he looked as though he would never wake. Farther out old Mahon's face was upturned to the sky, with the long white beard spread out on his breast, as though he had been shot where he sat at the tiller; and a man, all in a heap in the bows of the boat, slept with both arms embracing the stem-head and with his cheek laid on the gunwale. The East looked at them without a sound.

I have known its fascination since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-bye!—Night—Good-bye . . . !

JOSEPH CONRAD

NOTES

1 *pray:* please.
4 *long boat:* the biggest boat carried by a sailing-ship.
5 *give us a passage:* allow us to travel in your ship.
8 *made fast:* tied up.
29 *sweep:* long curve.
32 *high-sterned:* which has a high stern.
42 *stem-head:* vertical piece of wood at the bow of a boat.

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the meaning of the following phrases:

a 'I was lying in a flood of light' (lines 11–12).
b 'resplendent and sombre, living and unchanged' (lines 24–5).
c 'the violence of sunshine' (line 35).
d 'a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race' (lines 45–7).

2 What was the first thing the narrator saw when he opened his eyes in the morning? And what was the next thing?

3 The aspect of the scene that most impressed the narrator was its stillness and silence. Go through the piece, noting all the references to its 'stillness' and all the references to its 'silence'.

4 The passage is full of striking comparisons: for example, the big leaves 'like leaves forged of heavy metal', which emphasizes how resistant they seemed to any movement by the wind. Find the other similes in the piece and explain why Conrad uses them.

5 What does the narrator mean at the end where he says 'And this is all that is left of it . . . good-bye!—Night—Good-bye . . .!'

17 Saint Joan and Captain Robert

George Bernard Shaw—who was mentioned on page 15—was a great Irish writer of plays, who died in 1950 at the age of ninety-four. He wrote many very dramatic and funny plays, but all of them had some serious purpose: he wanted to make people think more clearly, and give up their prejudices and irrational beliefs. *Saint Joan* (1924) is one of his most remarkable plays. It is the story of the French country girl, Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d'Arc, who in the fifteenth century helped to lead an army to drive the English out of France. Afterwards the French turned against her and burned her as a witch; but in 1920 she was made a saint by the Roman Catholic Church. Shaw gives a wonderful picture of the simple but lively and tremendously confident young woman. He also gives some splendid pictures of the French noblemen and churchmen, who at first laughed at her, then used her, and finally burnt her. Shaw was not a Christian and did not believe she was a saint in the way Roman Catholics do; but he thought she was a fine, heroic woman. This scene is from the opening of the play.

A fine spring morning on the river Meuse, between Lorraine and Champagne, in the year 1429 A.D., *in the castle of Vaucouleurs.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, *a military squire, handsome and physically energetic, but with no will of his own, is disguising that defect in his usual fashion by storming terribly at his* STEWARD, *a trodden worm, scanty of flesh, scanty of hair, who might be any age from 18 to 55, being the sort of man whom age cannot wither because he has never bloomed.*

The two are in a sunny stone chamber on the first floor of the castle. At a plain strong oak table, seated in chair to match, the captain presents his left profile. The steward stands facing him at the other side of the table, if so deprecatory a stance as his can be called standing. The mullioned thirteenth-century window is open behind him. Near it in the corner is a turret with a narrow arched doorway leading to a winding stair which descends to the courtyard. There is a stout fourlegged stool under the table, and a wooden chest under the window.

ROBERT: No eggs! No eggs!! Thousand thunders man, what do you mean by no eggs?

STEWARD: Sir: it is not my fault. It is the act of God.

ROBERT: Blasphemy. You tell me there are no eggs; and you blame your Maker for it.

STEWARD: Sir: what can I do? I cannot lay eggs.

ROBERT (*sarcastic*): Ha! You jest about it.

STEWARD: No, sir, God knows. We all have to go without eggs just as you have, sir. The hens will not lay.

ROBERT: Indeed! (*Rising*) Now listen to me, you.

STEWARD (*humbly*): Yes, sir.

ROBERT: What am I?

STEWARD: What are you, sir?

ROBERT (*coming at him*): Yes: what am I? Am I Robert, squire of Baudricourt and captain of this castle of Vaucouleurs; or am I a cowboy?

STEWARD: Oh, sir, you know you are a greater man here than the king himself.

ROBERT: Precisely. And now, do you know what you are?

STEWARD: I am nobody, sir, except that I have the honour to be your steward.

ROBERT (*driving him to the wall, adjective by adjective*): You have not only the honour of being my steward, but the privilege of being the worst, most incompetent, drivelling snivelling jibbering jabbering idiot of a steward in France. (*He strides back to the table.*)

STEWARD (*cowering on the chest*): Yes, sir: to a great man like you I must seem like that.

ROBERT (*turning*): My fault, I suppose. Eh?

STEWARD (*coming to him deprecatingly*): Oh, sir: you always give my most innocent words such a turn!

ROBERT: I will give your neck a turn if you dare tell me, when I ask you how many eggs there are, that you cannot lay any.

STEWARD (*protesting*): Oh sir, oh sir—

ROBERT: No: not oh sir, oh sir, but no sir, no sir. My three Barbary hens and the black are the best layers in Champagne. And you come and tell me that there are no eggs! Who stole them? Tell me that, before I kick you out through the castle gate for a liar and a seller of my goods to thieves. The milk was short yesterday, too: do not forget that.

STEWARD (*desperate*): I know, sir. I know only too well. There is no milk: there are no eggs: tomorrow there will be nothing.

ROBERT: Nothing! You will steal the lot: eh?

STEWARD: No, sir: nobody will steal anything. But there is a spell on us: we are bewitched.

ROBERT: That story is not good enough for me. Robert de Baudricourt burns witches and hangs thieves. Go. Bring me four dozen eggs and two gallons of milk here in this room before noon, or Heaven have mercy on your bones! I will teach you to make a fool of me. (*He resumes his seat with an air of finality.*)

STEWARD: Sir: I tell you there are no eggs. There will be none—not if you were to kill me for it—as long as The Maid is at the door.

ROBERT: The Maid! What maid? What are you talking about?

STEWARD: The girl from Lorraine, sir. From Domrémy.

ROBERT (*rising in fearful wrath*): Thirty thousand thunders! Fifty thousand devils! Do you mean to say that that girl, who had the impudence to ask to see me two days ago, and whom I told you to send back to her father with my orders that he was to give her a good hiding, is here still?

STEWARD: I have told her to go, sir. She won't.

ROBERT: I did not tell you to tell her to go: I told you to throw her out. You have fifty men-at-arms and a dozen lumps of ablebodied servants to carry out my orders. Are they afraid of her?

STEWARD: She is so positive, sir.

ROBERT (*seizing him by the scruff of the neck*): Positive! Now see here. I am going to throw you downstairs.

STEWARD: No, sir, please.

ROBERT: Well, stop me by being positive. It's quite easy: any slut of a girl can do it.

STEWARD (*hanging limp in his hands*): Sir, sir: you cannot get rid of *her* by throwing *me* out. (*Robert has to let him drop. He squats on his knees on the floor, contemplating his master resignedly.*) You see, sir, you are much more positive than I am. But so is she.

ROBERT: I am stronger than you are, you fool.

STEWARD: No sir: it isn't that: it's your strong character, sir. She is weaker than we are: she is only a slip of a girl; but we cannot make her go.

ROBERT: You parcel of curs: you are afraid of her.

STEWARD (*rising cautiously*): No, sir: we are afraid of you; but she puts courage into us. She really doesn't seem to be afraid of anything. Perhaps you could frighten her, sir.

ROBERT (*grimly*): Perhaps. Where is she now?

STEWARD: Down in the courtyard, sir, talking to the soldiers as usual. She is always talking to the soldiers except when she is praying.

ROBERT: Praying! Ha! You believe she prays, you idiot. I know the sort of girl that is always talking to the soldiers. She shall talk to me a bit. (*He goes to the window and shouts fiercely through it.*) Hallo, you there!

A GIRL'S VOICE (*bright, strong and rough*): Is it me, sir?

ROBERT: Yes, you.

THE VOICE: Be you captain?

ROBERT: Yes, damn your impudence, I be captain. Come up here. (*To the soldiers in the yard*) Shew her the way, you. And shove her along quick. (*He leaves the window, and returns to his place at the table, where he sits magisterially.*)

STEWARD (*whispering*): She wants to go and be a soldier herself. She wants you to give her soldier's clothes. Armour, sir! and a sword! Actually! (*He steals behind Robert.*)

(JOAN *appears in the turret doorway. She is an able-bodied country girl of 17 or 18, respectably dressed in red with an uncommon face: eyes very wide apart and bulging as they often do in very imaginative people, a long, well-shaped nose with wide nostrils, a short upper lip, resolute but full-lipped mouth, and handsome fighting chin. She comes eagerly to the table, delighted at having penetrated to* BAUDRICOURT'S *presence at last, and full of hope as to the result. His scowl does not check or frighten her in the least. Her voice is normally a hearty, coaxing voice, very confident, very appealing, very hard to resist.*)

JOAN (*bobbing a curtsey*): Good morning, captain squire. Captain, you are to give me a horse and armour and some soldiers, and send me to the Dauphin. Those are your orders from my Lord.

ROBERT (*outraged*): Orders from *your* lord! And who the devil may your lord be? Go back to him, and tell him that I am neither duke nor peer at his orders: I am squire of Baudricourt; and I take no orders except from the king.

JOAN (*reassuringly*): Yes, squire: that is all right. My Lord is the King of Heaven.

ROBERT: Why, the girl's mad. (*To the steward*) Why didn't you tell me so, you blockhead?

STEWARD: Sir: do not anger her; give her what she wants.

JOAN (*impatient but friendly*): They all say I am mad until I talk to them, squire. But you see that it is the will of God that you are to do what He has put into my mind.

ROBERT: It is the will of God that I will send you back to your father with orders to put you under lock and key and thrash the madness out of you. What have you to say to that?

JOAN: You think you will, squire; but you will find it all coming quite different. You said you would not see me; but here I am.

STEWARD (*appealing*): Yes, sir. You see, sir.

ROBERT: Hold your tongue, you.

STEWARD (*abjectly*): Yes, sir.

ROBERT (*to Joan, with a sour loss of confidence*): So you are presuming on my seeing you, are you?

JOAN (*sweetly*): Yes, squire.

ROBERT (*feeling that he has lost ground, brings down his two fists squarely on the table, and inflates his chest imposingly to cure the unwelcome and only too familiar sensation*): Now, listen to me. I am going to assert myself.

JOAN (*busily*): Please do, squire. The horse will cost sixteen francs. It is a good deal of money; but I can save it on the armour. I can find a soldier's armour that will fit me well enough: I am very hardy: and I do not need beautiful armour made to my measure like you wear. I shall not want many soldiers: the Dauphin will give me all I need to raise the siege of Orleans.

ROBERT (*flabbergasted*): To raise the siege of Orleans!

JOAN (*simply*): Yes, squire: that is what God is sending me to do. Three men will be enough for you to send with me if they are good men and gentle to me. They have promised to come with me. Polly and Jack and——

ROBERT: Polly! You impudent baggage, do you dare call squire Bertrand de Poulengey Polly to my face?

JOAN: His friends call him so, squire: I did not know he had any other name. Jack——

ROBERT: That is Monsieur John of Metz, I suppose?

JOAN: Yes, squire. Jack will come willingly: he is a very kind gentleman, and gives me money to give to the poor. I think John Godsave will come, and Dick the Archer, and their servants John of Honecourt and Julian. There will be no trouble for you, squire: I have arranged it all: you have only to give the order.

ROBERT (*contemplating her in a stupor of amazement*): Well, I am damned!

JOAN (*with unruffled sweetness*): No squire: God is very merciful; and

the blessed saints Catherine and Margaret, who speak to me every day (*he gapes*), will intercede for you. You will go to paradise; and your name will be remembered for ever as my first helper.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

NOTES

13 *stair:* staircase; stairs.
39 *jibbering:* gibbering. (O)
51 *layers:* birds which lay eggs.
67 *The Maid:* the unmarried girl; Joan of Arc.
78 *lumps:* dull, heavy people.
92 *a slip of a girl:* a thin girl.
94 *parcel:* pack.
107 *be you captain?:* are you the captain? Joan is a peasant girl, and speaks like one. (V)
109 *shew:* show. (O)
114 *steals:* moves slowly and carefully.
119 *full-lipped:* with rather thick lips.
140 *put you under lock and key:* lock you up.
151 *lost ground:* suffered a defeat.
160 *raise:* break.

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the meanings of the following phrases:

a 'if so deprecatory a stance as his can be called standing' (lines 10–11).
b 'driving him to the wall, adjective by adjective' (line 37).
c 'a hearty, coaxing voice' (lines 122–3).
d 'contemplating her in a stupor of amazement' (line 176).
e 'with unruffled sweetness' (line 178).

(It is worth noticing that all Shaw's most difficult expressions come in the descriptions of the characters and the stage directions, not in the words the actors speak. It is of course very desirable that the latter should be simple, since they must be understood immediately one hears them.)

2 When the scene opens, what has the steward just said to Robert? How do we know?

3 The steward says to Robert 'you always give my most innocent words such a turn', meaning that he finds in them—or pretends to find in them—a meaning that the steward did not intend. Find some examples of Robert giving the steward's innocent words 'a turn'.

4 According to the steward, why are there no eggs?

5 What does the steward mean when he says Joan 'is so positive'?
6 What does Robert mean when he says 'I know the sort of girl that is always talking to the soldiers'?
7 Joan is so certain that she is doing the will of God that she gives Robert orders as though she already had command over him. Find the places where she does this.
8 In what places do we see that Robert is in fact weaker than Joan?
9 When Robert says 'I am going to assert myself' (lines 153–4) and when he says 'Well, I am damned!' (lines 176–7) Joan gives his words 'a turn'. What, judging by her replies, does she assume he means in each of these places?

18 The Family Council

This extract comes from *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), a novel by one of the greatest nineteenth-century English novelists, George Eliot. 'George Eliot' was a woman whose real name was Mary Ann Evans (1819–80). Her other main novels were *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. In her books she gave what is probably the most accurate and thoughtful picture that we have of English life in her century. *The Mill on the Floss* is the story of a country family, the Tullivers. Mr Tulliver owns a mill, but he manages his affairs badly, and loses all his money. In this scene Mrs Bessy Tulliver's sisters, Mrs Deane, Mrs Pullet and Mrs Glegg, have come to see her in her trouble—for not only must she sell many of her things to pay her husband's debts, but her husband is ill as well. However, her sisters do not bring her all the sympathy and help that she might expect, as we will see. Tom and Maggie are the Tullivers' children, and Mrs Moss is Mr Tulliver's sister.

(An extract from George Eliot's novel *Middlemarch* will be found in Book 4.)

Mrs Deane was the first to arrive; and when she had taken her seat in the large parlour, Mrs Tulliver came down to her with her comely face a little distorted, nearly as it would have been if she had been crying: she was not a woman who could shed abundant tears except in moments when the prospect of losing her furniture became unusually vivid, but she felt how unfitting it was to be quite calm under present circumstances.

'O, sister, what a world this is!' she exclaimed as she entered; 'what trouble, oh dear!'

Mrs Deane was a thin-lipped woman, who made small well-considered speeches on peculiar occasions, repeating them afterwards to her husband, and asking him if she had not spoken very properly.

'Yes, sister,' she said, deliberately, 'this is a changing world, and we don't know today what may happen tomorrow. But it's right to be prepared for all things, and if trouble's sent, to remember, as it isn't sent without a cause. I'm very sorry for you as a sister, and if the doctor orders jelly for Mr Tulliver, I hope you'll let me know: I'll send it willingly. For it is but right he should have proper attendance while he's ill.'

'Thank you, Susan,' said Mrs Tulliver, rather faintly, withdrawing

her fat hand from her sister's thin one. 'But there's been no talk o' jelly yet.' Then after a moment's pause she added, 'There's a dozen o' cut jelly-glasses upstairs. . . . I shall niver put jelly into 'em no more.'

Her voice was rather agitated as she uttered the last words, but the sound of wheels diverted her thoughts. Mr and Mrs Glegg were come, and were almost immediately followed by Mr and Mrs Pullet.

Mrs Pullet entered crying, as a compendious mode, at all times, of expressing what were her views of life in general, and what, in brief, were the opinions she held concerning the particular case before her.

Mrs Glegg had on her fuzziest front, and garments which appeared to have had a recent resurrection from rather a creasy form of burial: a costume selected with the high moral purpose of instilling perfect humility into Bessy and her children.

'Mrs G., won't you come nearer the fire?' said her husband, unwilling to take the more comfortable seat without offering it to her.

'You see I've seated myself here, Mr Glegg,' returned this superior woman: 'you can roast yourself, if you like.'

'Well,' said Mr Glegg, seating himself good-humouredly, 'and how's the poor man upstairs?'

'Dr Turnbull thought him a deal better this morning,' said Mrs Tulliver; 'he took more notice, and spoke to me; but he's never known Tom yet—looks at the poor lad as if he was a stranger, though he said something once about Tom and the pony. The doctor says his memory's gone a long way back, and he doesn't know Tom because he's thinking of him when he was little. Eh dear, eh dear!'

'I doubt it's the water got on his brain,' said aunt Pullet, turning round from adjusting her cap in a melancholy way at the pier-glass. 'It's much if he ever gets up again, and if he does, he'll most like be childish, as Mr Carr was, poor man! They fed him with a spoon as if he'd been a babby for three year. He'd quite lost the use of his limbs; but then he'd got a Bath chair, and somebody to draw him; and that's what you won't have, I doubt, Bessy.'

'Sister Pullet,' said Mrs Glegg, severely, 'if I understand, we've come together this morning to advise and consult about what's to be done in this disgrace as has fallen upon the family, and not to talk o' people as don't belong to us. Mr Carr was none of our blood, nor noways connected with us, as I've ever heared.'

'Sister Glegg,' said Mrs Pullet, in a pleading tone, drawing on her gloves again, and stroking the fingers in an agitated manner, 'if you've got anything disrespectful to say o' Mr Carr, I do beg of you as you

won't say it to me. *I* know what he was,' she added, with a sigh; 'his breath was short to that degree as you could hear him two rooms off.'

'Sophy!' said Mrs Glegg, with indignant disgust, 'you *do* talk o' people's complaints till it's quite undecent. But I say again as I said before, I didn't come away from home to talk about acquaintance, whether they'd short breath or long. If we aren't come together for one to hear what the other 'ull do to save a sister and her children from the parish, *I* shall go back. *One* can't act without the other, I suppose; it isn't to be expected as *I* should do everything.'

'Well, Jane,' said Mrs Pullet, 'I don't see as you've been so very forrard at doing. So far as I know, this is the first time as here you've been, since it's been known as the bailiff's in the house; and I was here yesterday, and looked at all Bessy's linen and things, and I told her I'd buy in the spotted tablecloths. I couldn't speak fairer; for as for the teapot as she doesn't want to go out o' the family it stands to sense I can't do with two silver teapots, not if it *hadn't* a straight spout—but the spotted damask I was allays fond on.'

'I wish it could be managed so as my teapot and chany and the best castors needn't be put up for sale,' said poor Mrs Tulliver beseechingly, 'and the sugar-tongs, the first things ever I bought.'

'But that can't be helped, you know,' said Mr Glegg. 'If one o' the family chooses to buy 'em in, they can, but one thing must be bid for as well as another.'

'And it isn't to be looked for,' said uncle Pullet, with unwonted independence of idea, 'as your own family should pay more for things nor they'll fetch. They may go for an old song by auction.'

'Oh dear, O dear,' said Mrs Tulliver, 'to think o' my chany being sold i' that way—and I bought it when I was married, just as you did yours, Jane and Sophy; and I know you didn't like mine, because o' the sprig, but I was fond of it; and there's never been a bit broke, for I've washed it myself—and there's the tulips on the cups, and the roses, as anybody might go and look at 'em for pleasure. You wouldn't like *your* chany to go for an old song and be broke to pieces, though yours has got no colour in it, Jane—it's all white and fluted, and didn't cost so much as mine. And there's the castors, sister Deane, I can't think but you'd like to have the castors, for I've heard you say they're pretty.'

'Well, I've no objection to buy some of the best things,' said Mrs Deane, rather loftily; 'we can do with extra things in our house.'

'Best things!' exclaimed Mrs Glegg with severity, which had gathered intensity from her long silence. 'It drives me past patience to

hear you all talking o' best things, and buying in this, that, and the other such as silver and chany. You must bring your mind to your circumstances, Bessy, and not be thinking o' silver and chany; but whether you shall get so much as a flock bed to lie on, and a blanket to cover you, and a stool to sit on. You must remember, if you get 'em, it'll be because your friends have bought 'em for you, for you're dependent upon *them* for everything; for your husband lies there helpless, and hasn't got a penny i' the world to call his own. And it's for your own good I say this, for it's right you should feel what your state is, and what disgrace your husband's brought on your own family, as you've got to look to for everything—and be humble in your mind.'

Mrs Glegg paused, for speaking with much energy for the good of others is naturally exhausting. Mrs Tulliver, always borne down by the family predominance of sister Jane, who had made her wear the yoke of a younger sister in very tender years, said pleadingly—

'I'm sure, sister, I've never asked anybody to do anything, only buy things as it 'ud be a pleasure to 'em to have, so as they mightn't go and be spoiled i' strange houses. I never asked anybody to buy the things in for me and my children; though there's the linen I spun, and I thought when Tom was born—I thought one o' the first things when he was lying i' the cradle, as all the things I'd bought wi' my own money, and been so careful of, 'ud go to him. But I've said nothing as I wanted my sisters to pay their money for me. What my husband has done for *his* sister's unknown, and we should ha' been better off this day if it hadn't been as he's lent money and never asked for it again.'

'Come, come,' said Mr Glegg kindly, 'don't let us make things too dark. What's done can't be undone. We shall make a shift among us to buy what's sufficient for you; though, as Mrs G. says, they must be useful, plain things. We mustn't be thinking of what's unnecessary. A table, and a chair or two, and kitchen things, and a good bed, and suchlike. Why, I've seen the day when I shouldn't ha' known myself if I'd lain on sacking i' stead o' the floor. We get a deal o' useless things about us, only because we've got the money to spend.'

'Mr Glegg,' said Mrs G., 'if you'll be kind enough to let me speak, i'stead o' taking the words out o' my mouth—I was going to say, Bessy, as it's fine talking for you to say as you've never asked us to buy anything for you; let me tell you, you *ought* to have asked us. Pray, how are you to be purvided for, if your own family don't help you? You must go to the parish, if they didn't. And you ought to know that, and

keep it in mind, and ask us humble to do what we can for you, i'stead o' saying, and making a boast, as you've never asked us for anything.'

'You talked o' the Mosses, and what Mr Tulliver's done for 'em,' said uncle Pullet, who became unusually suggestive where advances of money were concerned. 'Haven't *they* been anear you? They ought to do something, as well as other folks; and if he's lent 'em money, they ought to be made to pay it back'.

'Yes, to be sure,' said Mrs Deane; 'I've been thinking so. How is it Mr and Mrs Moss aren't here to meet us? It is but right they should do their share.'

'O dear!' said Mrs Tulliver, 'I never sent 'em word about Mr Tulliver, and they live so back'ard among the lanes at Basset, they niver hear anything only when Mr Moss comes to market. But I niver gave 'em a thought. I wonder Maggie didn't, though, for she was allays so fond of her aunt Moss.'

'Why don't your children come in, Bessy?' said Mrs Pullet, at the mention of Maggie. 'They should hear what their aunts and uncles have got to say: and Maggie—when it's me as have paid for half her schooling, she ought to think more of her aunt Pullet nor of aunt Mosses. I may go off sudden when I get home today—there's no telling.'

'If I'd had *my* way,' said Mrs Glegg, 'the children 'ud ha' been in the room from the first. It's time they knew who they've to look to, and it's right as *somebody* should talk to 'em, and let 'em know their condition i' life, and what they're come down to, and make 'em feel as they've got to suffer for their father's faults.'

'Well, I'll go and fetch 'em, sister,' said Mrs Tulliver, resignedly. She was quite crushed now, and thought of the treasures in the storeroom with no other feeling than blank despair. She went upstairs to fetch Tom and Maggie.

GEORGE ELIOT

NOTES

10 *thin-lipped:* having thin lips.

13 *as.* The speakers in this piece often use what is not good, modern English. They often use 'as' in place of 'that' or 'which'.

21 *o':* of.

23 *cut:* decorated by having designs cut into them.

23 *niver:* never. (V)

23 *'em:* them.

23 *no more:* any more. (V)

25 *were come:* had come. (O)
30 *front:* breast of a blouse, often worn for decoration.
36 *returned:* answered as part of an argument.
40 *a deal:* a lot; much; a good deal; a great deal. (V)
46 *got:* that got. (V)
48 *like:* likely. (V)
50 *babby:* baby; small child. (V)
50 *year:* years. (V)
51 *Bath chair:* a chair with wheels, in which a person who cannot walk can be pulled or pushed about.
56 *noways:* in any way. (V)
57 *heared:* heard. (V)
64 *complaints:* illnesses.
64 *undecent:* indecent. (V)
67 *'ull:* will.
68 *the parish:* having to live on charity provided by the parish.
71 *forrard:* forward. (V)
74 *buy in:* buy up. (O)
75 *stands to sense:* is only reasonable that.
76 *do with:* find use for.
77 *allays:* always. (V)
77 *fond on:* fond of. (V)
78 *chany:* china. (V)
80 *ever I bought:* I ever bought. (V)
84 *looked for:* expected. (V)
86 *nor:* than. (V)
86 *fetch:* sell for.
86 *go for an old song:* be sold for very little.
88 *i':* in.
90 *broke:* broken. (V)
95 *can't think but:* can only think. (O)
104 *flock:* filled with wool or cotton-wool.
110 *look to:* depend on.
115 *tender:* young.
117 *'ud:* would.
124 *ha':* have.
128 *make a shift:* manage somehow or other.
138 *Pray:* please.
139 *purvided:* provided. (V)
141 *humble:* humbly. (V)
145 *anear:* near. (V)
148 *to be sure:* certainly.
152 *back'ard (backward):* far back. (V)
153 *only when:* except when. (V)

153 *gave 'em a thought:* even thought of them.
159 *nor:* than. (V)
160 *go off sudden:* die suddenly. (V)
160 *no telling:* no way of knowing.
161 *I'd had my way:* you had done what I wanted you to do.

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the following phrases:

a 'she felt how unfitting it was to be quite calm under present circumstances' (lines 6–7).
b 'a compendious mode' (line 27).
c 'a recent resurrection from rather a creasy form of burial' (line 31).
d 'It drives me past patience' (line 100).
e 'always borne down by the family predominance of sister Jane' (lines 113–4).

2 Mrs Pullet always sees the unhappy side of life, and this is not of much comfort to Mrs Tulliver. Find some examples of Mrs Pullet's sad thoughts that only make Mrs Tulliver more miserable.
3 Mrs Glegg, says George Eliot, has come to the Tullivers' home 'with the high moral purpose of instilling perfect humility into Bessy and her children'. Do you think that George Eliot really thinks that Mrs Glegg is a woman of 'high moral purpose'? And do you think Mrs Glegg is as good a person as she herself thinks she is?
4 What is Mrs Glegg's chief characteristic, as we see it here?
5 Find places in this passage where Mrs Glegg

a tries to make Mrs Tulliver feel ashamed of her misfortune;
b tries to make her feel grateful to her sisters.

6 How far are the sisters willing to help Mrs Tulliver in a practical way?

19 If Thou Must Love Me . . .

Here we have an example of the work of another nineteenth-century woman writer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–61). She was the wife of the poet Robert Browning (one of whose poems will be found in Book 4). The story of their marriage is a very romantic one. Elizabeth Barrett (as she was before her marriage) was a sick woman, with a very strict father who disliked men visiting his daughters. However, Browning grew interested in Elizabeth when he read some of her poetry; he visited her, they fell in love, he helped her to get better and she ran away from home to marry him. She was forty when they married, in 1846, and Robert was thirty-four. Her best book of poems, called *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, was published four years later. Our piece here is a very intense love poem from that book. Like the other poems in the volume, it is a 'sonnet': that is to say it has fourteen lines, usually five unstressed and five stressed syllables alternating in each line ('I love her for her smile—her look—her way'), and a particular rhyme-scheme. There are several possible rhyme-schemes for sonnets; this one is

abba abba cdcdcd

where each letter represents a sound on which there is a rhyme at the end of the line (for instance *b* here represents the sound repeated in 'say', 'way', 'day' and 'may' at the ends of the second and third, and the fifth and sixth, lines). The rhythms and the rhymes give a strong dramatic emphasis to what is said.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
  Except for love's sake only. Do not say
  'I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
  A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—
  For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
  Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—

A creature might forget to weep, who bore
  Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
  Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

NOTES

5 *falls in well:* is in harmony.
5 *certes:* certainly. (O)
8 *wrought:* created. (O)
9 *unwrought:* destroyed. (O)
14 *mayst:* the form of 'may' used with 'thou'. (O)

QUESTIONS

1 In lines 3–6 the speaker asks her lover not to love her for certain things. What are these things?
2 Why does she not want him to love her for these things? What does she mean by

'love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so'?

3 In lines 9 and 10 she asks him not to love her out of pity. Explain the next two lines, in which she says why she does not want him to love her out of pity.
4 What do you think she means by 'love me for love's sake'? Do you think the phrase has any meaning?

20 Catherine in the Abbey

Jane Austen (1775–1817) was the first great English woman writer, and her wit and intelligence make her as popular today as ever. (An extract from her novel *Emma* appeared in Book 1.) This passage is from her novel *Northanger Abbey* (written in 1797, but not published until after her death in 1818). It is partly a satire on a kind of novel popular in Jane Austen's time, stories in which young girls have all sorts of frightening adventures with ghosts and other terrors before being united with their lovers. The heroine of *Northanger Abbey*, Catherine Morland, is a rather silly girl who likes reading these books, and when she goes to stay with the family of the young man she is going to marry, she fears—and also perhaps hopes—that she is going to find some such mystery in their old house. But, as we see at the end of this piece, she is wrong.

The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and, when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an Abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds; they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn! *She* had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer; and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded up stairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tinley slept only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. 'How much better is this,' said she, as she walked to the fender—'how much better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other

places I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have answered for my courage: but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one.'

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stept boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. 'She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; *that* would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed.' The fire therefore died away, and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. She took her candle and looked closely at it. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold. The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not however with the smallest expectation of finding any thing. However, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! the door was still immovable. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and every thing seemed to speak the awfulness of the situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again therefore she applied herself to the key, and after moving it in every possible way for some instants with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being

secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern any thing unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them; and in the centre, a small door, closed also with a lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and not in one was any thing found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had never from the first had the smallest idea of finding any thing in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it. It was some time before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false? An inventory of linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats and waistcoats faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair-powder, shoe-string and breeches-ball. And the larger sheet, which had inclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, 'To poultice chestnut mare', a farrier's bill. She felt humbled to the dust.

NOTES

17 *stout:* brave.
24 *answered for:* guaranteed.
25 *to be sure:* certainly.
28 *stept:* stepped. (O)
35 *take her time:* be as slow as she liked; not hurry.
45 *Japan:* a kind of fine varnish.
52 *flew:* opened suddenly.
68 *in all probability:* most probably.
74 *well read in:* having read a lot about.
79 *ill success:* lack of success.
80 *thus far:* till then.
80 *while she was about it:* now that she had begun.
89 *characters:* letters of the alphabet.
91 *started:* jumped with surprise.
91 *import:* meaning; significance.
92 *play her false:* cheat her.
99 *breeches-ball:* a ball made of a special cleaning material which was used for cleaning breeches.
100 *cramp:* cramped; written in a small space, with the letters close together.

QUESTIONS

1 In the first paragraph, we are told of certain things that slightly frighten Catherine, and certain things that make her feel less frightened. List these.
2 What do you imagine that Catherine fears when the window curtains move? Why does she hum a tune when she looks behind the curtains?
3 Why does she not make up her fire, but let it die away?
4 Why does she look in the black cabinet?
5 Why is it that her heart flutters, her knees tremble and her cheeks grow pale when she sees the roll of paper in the cavity?
6 Why did she feel 'humbled to the dust' (last line)?

21 Weak Woman

The last of this group of four women writers is Mary Wollstonecraft (1759–97). She deserves respect from women especially, because she fought hard for them to be educated and respected to the same extent as men. She married another fighter for human rights, the philosopher William Godwin, but died, in the same year that she married him, in giving birth to their daughter Mary. (Mary became the wife of the poet Shelley, examples of whose poetry appear later in this book.) This extract is from her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792). It is a piece of strong argument, with some good humour included as well.

It would be an endless task to trace the variety of meannesses, cares and sorrows, into which women are plunged by the prevailing opinion, that they were created rather to feel than reason, and that all the power they obtain, must be obtained by their charms and weakness:

'Fine by defect, and amiably weak!'

And, made by this amiable weakness entirely dependent, excepting what they gain by illicit sway, on man, not only for protection, but advice, is it surprising that, neglecting the duties that reason alone points out, and shrinking from trials calculated to strengthen their minds, they only exert themselves to give their defects a graceful covering, which may serve to heighten their charms in the eye of the voluptuary, though it sink them below the scale of moral existence?

Fragile in every sense of the word, they are obliged to look up to man for every comfort. In the most trifling dangers they cling to their support, with parasitical tenacity, piteously demanding succour; and their *natural* protector extends his arm or lifts up his voice, to guard the lovely trembler—from what? Perhaps the frown of an old cow, or the jump of a mouse; a rat would be a serious danger. In the name of reason, and even common sense, what can save such beings from contempt; even though they be soft and fair?

These fears, when not affected, may be very pretty; but they show a degree of imbecility that degrades a rational creature in a way women are not aware of—for love and esteem are very distinct things.

I am fully persuaded that we should hear of none of these infantine

airs, if girls were allowed to take sufficient exercise and not confined in close rooms till their muscles are relaxed, and their powers of digestion destroyed. To carry the remark still further, if fear in girls, instead of being cherished, perhaps created, was treated in the same manner as cowardice in boys, we should quickly see women with more dignified aspects. It is true, they could not then with equal propriety be termed the sweet flowers that smile in the walk of man; but they would be more respectable members of society, and discharge the important duties of life by the light of their own reason. 'Educate women like men,' says Rousseau, 'and the more they resemble our sex the less power will they have over us.' This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men; but over themselves.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

NOTES

12 *though it sink:* even if it sinks; though it may sink. (O or P)
17 *trembler:* person who trembles.
20 *though they be:* even if they are; though they may be. (O or P)
24 *infantine:* infantile; like those of an infant. (O)

QUESTIONS

1 What does the author mean when she says that the only power women have is obtained by their charms and their weakness?
2 Does the author believe that man is the '*natural* protector' of women? If not, why does she say it? Who believes that man is women's natural protector?
3 How, in the third paragraph, does the author comically express her contempt for the way women are frightened—or pretend to be frightened?
4 What does she mean when she says 'love and esteem are very distinct things'?
5 What changes in the training and education of girls does she propose in the last paragraph?
6 Do you believe that women should have the same education as men?

22 Dr Johnson Has Two Arguments

James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* is one of the great literary biographies. Dr Samuel Johnson (1709–84) was the outstanding English writer of the middle years of the eighteenth century. He wrote poems, essays, stories and criticism, all of them the work of a powerful and original mind; he also produced a fine *Dictionary of the English Language*. James Boswell (1740–95) was, when he first met Johnson, a young Scots lawyer with literary ambitions. He became a close friend of Johnson's, and kept notes of all Johnson's energetic and amusing talk. He liked to make Johnson argue with him for the pleasure of hearing his replies. After Johnson's death, Boswell started writing his *Life*, which appeared in 1791.

In this extract from Boswell's *Life*, we see Dr Johnson in two arguments, one with Boswell, the other with a friend called Beauclerk. The first shows clearly Boswell's pleasure in listening to Johnson—even though here he is the victim of Johnson's wit. In the second, most unusually, Johnson seems to get the worst of the argument. Boswell's style—not wasting words, but full of amusing expressions and striking detail—is also very well displayed here.

(In Book 3 there is an extract from a modern biography of Johnson, together with extracts from two of his own books.)

On Wednesday, April 7, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. I have not marked what company was there. Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors; and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak, that 'a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk'. He was persuaded to drink one glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be dim, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head, and said: 'Poor stuff! No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy.' I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together, when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a headache after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled, or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me; 'Nay, Sir, it was not the *wine* that made your head ache, but the *sense* that I put into it.' BOSWELL: 'What, Sir, will sense make the head ache?' JOHNSON: 'Yes, Sir (with a smile), when it is not used to it.'—No man who has a true relish of pleasantry

could be offended at this; especially if Johnson in a long intimacy had given him repeated proofs of his regard and good estimation. I used to say, that as he had given me £1000 in praise, he had a good right now and then to take a guinea from me.

On Friday, April 16, I had been present at the trial of the unfortunate Mr Hackman, who, in a fit of frantic jealous love, had shot Miss Ray, the favourite of a nobleman. Johnson, in whose company I had dined today with some other friends, was much interested by my account of what passed, and particularly with his prayer for the mercy of heaven. He said, in a solemn fervid tone, 'I hope he *shall* find mercy.'

This day a violent altercation arose between Johnson and Beauclerk, which having made much noise at the time, I think it proper, in order to prevent any future misrepresentation, to give a minute account of it.

In talking of Hackman, Johnson argued, as Judge Blackstone had done, that his being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr Beauclerk said: 'No; for that every wise man who intended to shoot himself, took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion: *he* had two charged pistols; one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other.'—'Well,' said Johnson, with an air of triumph, 'you see here one pistol was sufficient.' Beauclerk replied smartly, 'Because it happened to kill him.'

JAMES BOSWELL

NOTES

2 *marked:* noted down.
29 *minute:* very detailed.
31 *furnished:* supplied.
32 *for that:* because. (O)
39 *charged:* loaded.

QUESTIONS

1 What did Dr Johnson mean by saying that a man would be drowned by claret before it made him drunk?
2 What does Boswell mean by saying that, as Johnson had given him £1,000 in praise, he had a good right now and then to take a guinea from him?
3 Why did Mr ——, who loved buttered muffins, eat three of them for breakfast before shooting himself?
4 Do you think that the fact that Mr —— killed himself with one pistol supports Dr Johnson's argument that Hackman had two pistols because he intended to shoot two people?
5 Try to write an account of an amusing conversation, or an argument, you have heard, giving the actual words each person said.

23 A Quarrel at Lord Castlewood's

The nineteenth century was the great age of the novel throughout Europe. Here is a piece by another outstanding English novelist of that century, William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63). This extract comes from his novel *The History of Henry Esmond* (1852). It is an historical novel: that is to say, it is set in a period before the author's own time, in this case the early eighteenth century. The chief character is a young man called Henry Esmond, who is brought up by Lord and Lady Castlewood in their great house. Henry is thought to be the son of Lord Castlewood's uncle (who was the previous holder of the title) by a woman he was not married to; but eventually it is discovered that Henry's mother and father were in fact married, and that by right Henry himself should have inherited the title and be Lord Castlewood now. At the time of the scene in this passage, however, Henry is still a young man living in Lord Castlewood's home, and studying at Cambridge University with the intention of becoming a clergyman. Lord Castlewood is a pleasure-loving man, who at this time is friendly with another reckless lord, Lord Mohun. Lady Castlewood is sometimes called Lady Esmond in this passage—it is an alternative name for her, since 'Esmond' is the Castlewoods' family name (usually different in England from the title, which is generally the name of the *place* the family comes from, as it is here). 'Harry' is a familiar form of 'Henry'. Beatrix—called here 'Mistress Beatrix' out of respect—is Lord and Lady Castlewood's daughter. As will be seen, it is a foolish, jealous word of this little girl's that causes the quarrel in this scene.

My Lord Mohun was once more a guest at Castlewood, and seemingly more intimately allied with my Lord even than before. Once in the spring those two noblemen had ridden to Cambridge from Newmarket, whither they had gone for the horse-racing, and had honoured Harry Esmond with a visit at his rooms; after which Doctor Montague, the Master of the College, who had treated Harry somewhat haughtily, seeing his familiarity with these great folks, and that my Lord Castlewood laughed and walked with his hand on Harry's shoulder, relented to Mr Esmond, and condescended to be very civil to him; and some days after his arrival, Harry, laughing, told this story to Lady Esmond, remarking how strange it was that men famous for learning and renowned all over Europe, should, nevertheless, so bow down to a title, and cringe to a nobleman ever so poor. At this Mistress

Beatrix flung up her head, and said it became those of low origin to respect their betters; that the parsons made themselves a great deal too proud, she thought; and that she liked the way at Lady Sark's best, where the chaplain, though he loved pudding, as all parsons do, always went away before the custard.

'And when I am a parson,' says Mr Esmond, 'will you give me no custard, Beatrix?'

'You—you are different,' Beatrix answered. 'You are of our blood.'

'My father was a parson, as you call him,' said my Lady.

'But mine is a peer of Ireland,' says Mistress Beatrix, tossing her head. 'Let people know their places. I suppose you will have me go down on my knees and ask a blessing of Mr Thomas Tusher, that has just been made a curate, and whose mother was a waiting-maid.'

And she tossed out of the room, being in one of her flighty humours then.

When she was gone, my Lady looked so sad and grave, that Harry asked the cause of her disquietude. She said it was not merely what he said of Newmarket, but what she had remarked, with great anxiety and terror, that my Lord, ever since his acquaintance with the Lord Mohun especially, had recurred to his fondness for play, which he had renounced since his marriage.

'But men promise more than they are able to perform in marriage,' said my Lady, with a sigh. 'I fear he has lost large sums; and our property, always small, is dwindling away under this reckless dissipation. I heard of him in London with very wild company. Since his return letters and lawyers are constantly coming and going: he seems to me to have a constant anxiety, though he hides it under boisterousness and laughter. I looked through—through the door last night, and —and before,' said my Lady, 'and saw them at cards after midnight; no estate will bear that extravagance, much less ours, which will be so diminished that my son will have nothing at all, and my poor Beatrix no portion!'

'I wish I could help you, madam,' said Harry Esmond, sighing, and wishing that unavailingly, and for the thousandth time in his life.

'Who can? Only God,' said Lady Esmond—'only God, in whose hands we are.' And so it is, and for his rule over his family, and for his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—anyone who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render. For in our society there's no law to control the King of the Fireside. He is

master of property, happiness—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy—to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the Grand Seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children; or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French King, and the Emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs too, in their own way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.

If Harry Esmond's patron erred, 'twas in the latter way, from a disposition rather self-indulgent than cruel; and he might have been brought back to much better feelings had time been given him to bring his repentance to a lasting reform.

As my Lord and his friend Lord Mohun were such close companions, Mistress Beatrix chose to be jealous of the latter; and the two gentlemen often entertained each other by laughing, in their rude boisterous way, at the child's freaks of anger and show of dislike. 'When thou art old enough, thou shalt marry Lord Mohun,' Beatrix's father would say: on which the girl would pout and say, 'I would rather marry Tom Tusher.' And because the Lord Mohun always showed an extreme gallantry to my Lady Castlewood, whom he professed to admire devotedly, one day, in answer to this old joke of her father's, Beatrix said, 'I think my Lord would rather marry mamma than marry me; and is waiting till you die to ask her.'

The words were said lightly and pertly by the girl one night before supper, as the family party were assembled near the great fire. The two lords, who were at cards, both gave a start; my Lady turned as red as scarlet, and bade Mistress Beatrix go to her own chamber; whereupon the girl, putting on, as her wont was, the most innocent air, said, 'I am sure I meant no wrong; I am sure mamma talks a great deal more to Harry Esmond than she does to papa—and she cried when Harry went away, and she never does when papa goes away! And last night she talked to Lord Mohun for ever so long, and sent us out of the room, and cried when we came back, and——'

'D—n!' cried out my Lord Castlewood, out of all patience. 'Go out of the room, you little viper!' and he started up and flung down his cards.

'Ask Lord Mohun what I said to him, Francis,' her Ladyship said, rising up with a scared face, but yet with a great and touching dignity and candour in her look and voice. 'Come away with me, Beatrix.' Beatrix sprang up too; she was in tears now.

'Dearest mamma, what have I done?' she asked. 'Sure I meant no harm.' And she clung to her mother, and the pair went out sobbing together.

'I will tell you what your wife said to me, Frank,' my Lord Mohun cried. 'Parson Harry may hear it; and, as I hope for heaven, every word I say is true. Last night, with tears in her eyes, your wife implored me to play no more with you at dice or at cards, and you know best whether what she asked was not for your good.'

'Of course it was, Mohun,' says my Lord, in a dry hard voice. 'Of course you are a model of a man: and the world knows what a saint you are.'

My Lord Mohun was separated from his wife, and had had many affairs of honour: of which women as usual had been the cause.

'I am no saint, though your wife is—and I can answer for my actions as other people must for their words,' said my Lord Mohun.

'By G—, my Lord, you shall,' cried the other, starting up.

'We have another little account to settle first, my Lord,' says Lord Mohun. Whereupon Harry Esmond, filled with alarm for the consequences to which this disastrous dispute might lead, broke out into the most vehement expostulations with his patron and his adversary. 'Gracious Heavens!' he said, 'my Lord, are you going to draw a sword upon your friend in your own house? Can you doubt the honour of a lady who is as pure as heaven, and would die a thousand times rather than do you a wrong? Are the idle words of a jealous child to set friends at variance? Has not my mistress, as much as she dared do, besought your Lordship as the truth must be told, to break your intimacy with my Lord Mohun; and to give up the habit which may bring ruin on your family? But for my Lord Mohun's illness, had he not left you?'

''Faith, Frank, a man with a gouty toe can't run after other men's wives,' broke out my Lord Mohun, who indeed was in that way, and with a laugh and a look at his swathed limb so frank and comical, that the other, dashing his fist across his forehead, was caught by that infectious good-humour, and said with his oath, 'D—n it, Harry, I believe thee,' and so this quarrel was over, and the two gentlemen, at swords drawn but just now, dropped their points, and shook hands.

Beati pacifici. 'Go bring my Lady back,' said Harry's patron. Esmond

went away, only too glad to be the bearer of such good news. He found her at the door; she had been listening there, but went back as he came. She took both his hands; hers were marble cold. She seemed as if she would fall on his shoulder. 'Thank you, and God bless you, my dear brother Harry,' she said. She kissed his hand, Esmond felt her tears upon it: and leading her into the room, and up to my Lord, the Lord Castlewood, with an outbreak of feeling and affection such as he had not exhibited for many a long day, took his wife to his heart, and bent over and kissed her and asked her pardon.

''Tis time for me to go to roost. I will have my gruel a-bed,' said my Lord Mohun: and limped off comically on Harry Esmond's arm. 'By George, that woman is a pearl!' he said; 'and 'tis only a pig that wouldn't value her. Have you seen the vulgar trapesing orange girl whom Esmond'—but here Mr Esmond interrupted him, saying, that these were not affairs for him to know.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTES

9 *civil:* polite.
14 *became:* was right for.
23 *tossing:* throwing back.
27 *tossed out:* went out quickly, tossing her head.
27 *humours:* moods.
33 *play:* gambling; betting; playing games of chance.
50 *subjects:* people whom a king rules over.
56 *Grand Seignior:* Sultan of Turkey. (O)
63 *absolute:* as an absolute king, subject to no limiting laws.
74–5 *thou art . . . shalt:* you are . . . shall. (O)
84 *gave a start:* jumped with surprise or fear.
86 *putting on . . . the most innocent air:* pretending to be quite innocent.
92 *d—n:* damn.
113 G—: God.
125 *had he not:* would he not have. (O)
126 *'Faith:* In God's faith; truly; honestly. (O)
131 *at swords drawn:* ready to fight.
132 *but just now:* only a very short time ago.
132 *their points:* the points of their swords.
133 *beati pacifici:* blessed are the peacemakers. (Latin)
141 *for many a long day:* for a very long time.
143 *'tis:* it is. (O)
143 *a-bed:* in bed. (O)

QUESTIONS

1 Explain the following phrases:

a 'condescended to be very civil to him' (line 9).
b 'it became those of low origin to respect their betters' (lines 14–15).
c 'always went away before the custard' (lines 17–18).
d 'subjects over whom his power is monarchical' (lines 50–51).
e 'He is master of property, happiness—life almost' (lines 53–4).
f 'where each man rules absolute' (line 63).
g 'a model of a man' (line 107).
h 'broke out into the most vehement expostulations with his patron and his adversary' (lines 116–7).
i '"Tis time for me to go to roost' (line 143).

2 Why did the Master of Harry's college at Cambridge change his attitude towards him?
3 Why did Beatrix say she would treat Harry differently from other parsons?
4 Why was Lady Castlewood so worried?
5 How do we know how much Harry liked Lady Castlewood?
6 In line 49 Thackeray leaves his story for a moment to make some more general remarks about 'the King of the Fireside'. Who does he mean by 'the King of the Fireside'? Summarize what he says in this paragraph.
7 Why did 'Harry Esmond's patron' (i.e. Lord Castlewood) treat his family badly?
8 Why was Lord Castlewood so angry at what Beatrix said?
9 How did Beatrix make matters worse by her explanation?
10 What remark of Lord Mohun's persuaded Lord Castlewood of Mohun's innocence?
11 Did the incident improve the relationship between Lord and Lady Castlewood?
12 What rude joke about Harry was Lord Mohun going to make when Harry interrupted him?

24 Two Poems by Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) was one of that group of early nineteenth-century romantic poets—himself, Keats and Byron—all of whom died young. Shelley was drowned in a boating accident in Italy in his thirtieth year. Though born into an upper-class family, he was a rebel in religion, politics and morality. He hated the ruling classes and the Church, and wrote passionately in praise of freedom. He was much influenced, like Byron, by the ideals of the French revolution. He is best known for his poetry of longing and grief. Here are two good examples.

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

A Lament

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
    No more—Oh, never more!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

NOTES

7 *law divine:* divine law. (O)
17 *kiss not:* dost not kiss ('dost' is the form of 'do' used with 'thou'). (O or P)
21 *that where*: that step on which. (O)
25 *taken flight:* fled. (O or P)
26 *winter hoar:* hoar winter. (P)

QUESTIONS

1 In the first poem, 'Love's Philosophy', Shelley imagines that there is love between things in nature as well as between men and women: for instance, the winds 'mix . . . *with a sweet emotion*'. Find the other examples.
2 Who is the speaker in this poem addressing?
3 What is he asking her?
4 Explain his argument in the last two lines of this poem.
5 In the second poem, 'A Lament', Shelley imagines himself growing older, coming to the end of his life, and not having the feelings he had in youth any more: he is climbing the 'last steps' of the world, of life and of time. What do you think he means when he describes himself as 'trembling at that where I had stood before'?
6 What does he feel now when he watches the changing seasons? Why?
7 Indicate the rhyme-scheme of these two poems in the way described in the introduction to the poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning on page 88.

25 Madrid

The English have always been great travellers, and much of the best English writing consists of descriptions of foreign countries. Here is a passage from an excellent modern book about Spain, *The Spanish Temper*, by V. S. Pritchett (1954). The Talgo is the train from the Northern frontier of Spain to Madrid, the capital.

Twenty-five years ago Madrid was a flat Spanish city hardly visible on its cliff above the river Manzanares except as a low line of heavy red roofs. Only the large façade of the Royal Palace disclosed the existence of a city as one approached it. Now skyscrapers and tall white blocks of flats like upended sugar tablets break the horizon and give the city an American appearance from the distance. Large white suburbs have sprung around it, and, like Barcelona, the capital has doubled its population in a generation. Although it is despised by foreigners, who find little of old Spain in it, for Madrid was built in the seventeenth century at the orders of the King, it is an agreeable modern city in the spring and the autumn. Its harsh, wet or snowy winter climate is hard to bear, and the heat in July and August is intolerable. At this season all who can afford to do so get out of the capital to the mountains or to the north; those who stay resign themselves to very little sleep because of the heat, and the population sits up half the night in the streets.

The Talgo arrives at the right hour—the time of the *paseo*, when the cafés are packed and the streets are crowded with people in the sacred evening promenade of Spanish life. They have gone to the main streets in the centre of the city, which has become a hive. In some towns at this hour one is drawn by a sustained, dry roar of voices which sounds like the roar of a football match, a bullfight, or a political meeting; but, making one's way towards it, through streets that are strange because they are empty, one arrives at the Plaza Mayor, or some street where the traffic has been barred, to find most of the population has gathered there by custom, to walk and walk endlessly round and round. The Spaniards have little social life in their houses—though a little social life imitated from Europe does go on among the better off or the very Europeanized; tea parties and cocktail parties are occasionally given by

such people; but the majority of Spaniards treat the street as their place of entertainment.

At this hour the women appear and display themselves as if they had walked into a drawing-room. External display is important to Spaniards; they will spend more on their persons than on their houses, in which they easily dispense with the mania for furnishing and interior decoration which possesses northerners, and not entirely because the general standard of wealth is much lower. But in the streets they dress well. Any Spanish crowd, even in the poor districts, is the best-dressed crowd in Europe, but they are rarely elegant or fashionable. They have simply a firm conservative sense of what is fitting, not of what attracts extravagant attention. Only in their jewellery do the Spanish women display extravagance.

One finds a seat in the café and orders a glass of iced beer and watches the crowd. One is deafened by their voices and the violent noise of the traffic. In England the general standard of looks is low; one is struck only by the large number of very individual faces which suggest that the English are characters out of Cruikshank's drawings. In France the standard of looks is not much higher than in England; at any rate in the north of France it is not. The Spaniard level is high; indeed a certain regularity of feature, boldness of nose, and brilliance of eye appear to have been standardized. The amount of Jewish blood is, one would think, high. This is not as fantastic a generalization as it may sound: the Jewish population, open or hidden, was enormous in Spain and the exodus cannot have excluded its deep racial infiltration altogether. There is a classical Spanish type, grave, dark, sallow, a little heavy sometimes; and there is the small monkeyish type, quick, melancholy, mischievous. The crowd falls into those natural divisions which may be broken by an occasional woman of great beauty or a figure of grotesque ugliness. Only the old, bent and ill carry themselves badly. The dry, electric air of the city enlivens these walkers. One has the impression of great natural vitality, undistracted by northern nerves.

Most travellers have noticed what has seemed to them an almost racial difference between Spanish men and women. (The difference is really social: the life of the Spanish male is likely to be more anxious, less fulfilled than the life of the Spanish female. He is encumbered, as the woman is not exclusively, by the condition of Spain, the frustration of the will.) The women of Madrid, as they go by in their twos and threes, and so rarely with a man, have a militant, formal, prim appearance. Sociable and talkative—for all Spaniards love talking for its own

sake—they are trained to a double role: they display themselves, they have great personal pride; yet never for one moment do they allow their eyes to meet the eyes of a man as they walk the street. The decorum is complete and is distinctly Victorian.

The Spanish language is decisive and quick, packed with turns of phrase. What is called '*gracia*', a gay shrewdness in repartee rather than wit, is always sought. To a foreign ear the language sounds granular and rapid, rather harsh and unmusical, and this gives a male assertiveness and roughness to the voices of the women. As they walk by, carrying themselves so well, they are rather a collected, rather severe female race. For all this dominant appearance—and they clearly dominate the men by having their role in life firmly marked out and mixed with the male role very little socially—they have the reputation of being homely, innocent and sensual. They are passionate lovers of children: there is marriage and eight children in their eyes.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NOTES

5 *upended:* turned so that they stand on one end.
16 *paseo:* social walk; promenade.
17 *sacred:* which no one may interfere with, because it is almost as holy as a church service.
27 *better off:* richer.
28 *Europeanized:* who have adopted customs from farther north in Europe.
35 *possesses:* fills the thoughts of.
44 *looks:* beauty.
44 *struck:* impressed.
47 *at any rate:* at least.
48 *Spaniard level:* Spanish level; level among Spaniards.
49 *boldness of nose:* prominence of nose.
55 *monkeyish:* looking rather like a monkey.
58 *carry themselves:* stand, walk, etc.
59 *electric:* stimulating.
64 *fulfilled:* satisfying.
73 *turns of phrase:* unusual expressions.
75 *granular:* containing a lot of rough-sounding consonants.
78 *collected:* self-controlled.

QUESTIONS

1 What is the main difference between Madrid at the time this book was written, and Madrid twenty-five years before (around 1930)?
2 What are the most agreeable seasons in Madrid?
3 What is the Spanish custom in the evening?
4 What is the author's opinion of the way Spaniards dress?
5 What is his opinion of their looks?
6 Why does the air of Madrid contribute to the attractive appearance of its people?
7 Why does the author think that Spanish women have a more satisfying life than Spanish men?
8 What does the author mean when he says 'the decorum is . . . Victorian' (lines 71–72)?
9 What does he mean, in the last line, by 'there is marriage and eight children in their eyes'?
10 Write a short description of a town you have visited and the people who live there.

26 The Hunting of the Snark

'Lewis Carroll' was the name used when writing by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–98). His most famous book is *Alice in Wonderland*, a book written for children which has always been equally popular with adults. (There is an extract from it in Book 1.) But he also wrote some very enjoyable nonsense poetry, of which we have an example here. It is the story of the Bellman and his crew, who go hunting an imaginary creature called the Snark. The comedy is mainly in the absurd things everyone in the poem says and does, and the serious way in which they say them and do them—also in the serious way Lewis Carroll describes them for us.

'Just the place for a Snark!' the Bellman cried,
As he landed his crew with care;
Supporting each man on the top of the tide
By a finger entwined in his hair.

'Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:
That alone should encourage the crew.
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:
What I tell you three times is true.'

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—
A Barrister, brought to arrange their disputes—
And a Broker, to value their goods . . .

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,
Or would sit making lace in the bow:
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things
He forgot when he entered the ship:
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each:
But since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because
He had seven coats on when he came,
With three pairs of boots—but the worst of it was,
He had wholly forgotten his name . . .

'His form is ungainly—his intellect small—'
(So the Bellman would often remark)
'But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,
Is the thing that one needs with a Snark.'

He would joke with hyaenas, returning their stare
With an impudent wag of the head:
And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw with a bear,
'Just to keep up its spirits,' he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late—
And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad—
He could only bake Bridecake—for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

* * *

The Bellman himself they all praised to the skies—
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace!
Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise,
The moment one looked in his face!

He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land:
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.

'Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!
But we've got our brave Captain to thank'
(So the crew would protest) 'that he's bought us the best—
A perfect and absolute blank!'

This was charming, no doubt: but they shortly found out
That the Captain they trusted so well
Had only one notion for crossing the ocean,
And that was to tingle his bell.

(*The Captain makes a speech to the crew:*)

'Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted genuine Snarks.

'Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp:
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavour of Will-o-the-wisp.

'Its habit of getting up late you'll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five-o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

'The third is its slowness in taking a jest.
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:
And it always looks grave at a pun.

'The fourth is its fondness for bathing machines,
Which it constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

'The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch:
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,
From those that have whiskers, and scratch.

'For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet, I feel it my duty to say,
Some are Boojums—' The Bellman broke off in alarm,
For the Baker had fainted away.

* * *

They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
They roused him with mustard and cress—
They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried 'Silence! Not even a shriek!'
And excitedly tingled his bell.

(*The Baker tells his story:*)

'A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked, when I bade him farewell—'
'Oh, skip your dear uncle!' the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

'He remarked to me then,' said that mildest of men,
'"If your Snark be a Snark, that is right:
Fetch it home by all means—you may serve it with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

'"You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—

"'But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'. . .

'I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
In a dreamy delirious fight:
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

'But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
And the notion I cannot endure!'

* * *

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

They shuddered to think that the chase might fail,
And the Beaver, excited at last,
Went bounding along on the tip of its tail,
For the daylight was nearly past.

'There is Thingumbob shouting!' the Bellman said.
'He is shouting like mad, only hark!
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,
He has certainly found a Snark!'

They gazed in delight, while the Butcher exclaimed
'He was always a desperate wag!'
They beheld him—their Baker—their hero unnamed—
On the top of a neighbouring crag.

Erect and sublime, for one moment of time.
In the next, that wild figure they saw
(As if stung by a spasm) plunge into a chasm,
While they waited and listened in awe.

"It's a Snark!" was the sound that first came to their ears,
And seemed almost too good to be true.
Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers:
Then the ominous words 'It's a Boo——'

Then, silence. Some fancied they heard in the air
A weary and wandering sigh
That sounded like '—jum!' but the others declared
It was only a breeze that went by.

They hunted till darkness came on, but they found
Not a button, or feather, or mark,
By which they could tell that they stood on the ground
Where the Baker had met with the Snark.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had softly and suddenly vanished away—
For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.

LEWIS CARROLL

NOTES

1 *Snark:* imaginary sea-creature, invented by Lewis Carroll.
1 *Bellman:* man who rings a bell.
9 *Boots:* man who cleans boots and shoes, usually in a hotel.
35 *went a walk:* went for a walk. (O)
35 *paw-in-paw:* each holding one of the other's paws (compare 'hand-in-hand').
37 *owned:* admitted.
41 *to the skies:* very much.
42 *carriage:* way of standing, walking, etc.
56 *tingle:* 'tinkle' in normal English, which means ring (a small bell).
73 *grave:* serious.

82 *no manner of harm:* no kind of harm; no sort of harm.
84 *Boojums:* a word invented by Lewis Carroll.
84 *broke off:* interrupted what he was saying.
87 *mustard and cress:* two vegetables which are eaten raw.
97 *skip:* leave out; omit.
101 *greens:* green vegetables.
102 *striking a light:* producing a light by striking something (usually a match) against something else (usually a match-box).
105 *railway-share:* share in a railway company.
107 *beamish:* a word invented by Lewis Carroll.
132 *desperate wag:* great person for making jokes.

QUESTIONS

1 Look carefully at the descriptions of all the members of the crew. What is the one thing they have in common?
2 Which was the animal among the crew's members? What human skill did it have?
3 What was the Baker famous for? Why did it not matter that he had forgotten to bring his clothes?
4 What are the two examples we are given of the Baker's courage?
5 Why did the crew think the Captain's map was such a good one?
6 What were the five characteristics of a Snark?
7 What was the dangerous kind of Snark called?
8 When the crew try to rouse the Baker they give him 'jam and judicious advice' (line 88). Find another example a little later in the poem of this strange mixture of something material (jam) and something moral (judicious advice).
9 What were the uses of a Snark, according to the Baker's uncle?
10 Why did the Baker disappear?

Word Lists

Each list shows the words in the passage that are outside the 3,275 headword vocabulary. The number of the passage is given on the left and the line references follow the words.

1 doubter 1
hearth 6
unbelief 7
thereupon 11
invisible 12
tramp 15
average 22
fantastic 24
vengeance 24
fantasy 25

2 'twas 12
morn 16
buoy 22
whither 26

3 reticence 3
somewhat 4
phenomenon 5
pre-eminent 6
orphan 7
roam 11
desultory 11
spasmodic 11
atavism 12
hereditary 12
aptitude 12
ancestry 14
deduction 17
squire 19
logician 33
underestimate 34
exaggerate 35
stroll 48
verify 59
livelihood 66
dilettante 67
audit 68
recall 73
misanthropy 75
averse 76
periodical 77
unsociable 78
founder 83
soothe 84
panelling 88
nook 91
chamber 91
corpulent 95
massive 95
introspective 98
flipper 102
chronicler 103
manor 104
billiards 113
precise 114
non-commissioned 122
artillery 123
bearing 129
ammunition 132
cavalry 133
stride 133
brow 134
sapper 135
rattle 139
child-bed 140
snuff 144
tortoiseshell 144

4 perforate 2
zinc 2
shrine 3
punkah 4
flap 5
petticoat 5
fanatical 7
fuse 9
grotesque 18
odium 19
overwhelm 23
shove 24
infamous 27
slam 43
aggravate 44
infamy 49
intercourse 56
courtesy 56
mutual 59
esteem 59
new-comer 60
imbue 63
subordinate 66
pathetic 69
whereas 71
avenge 72
appalling 84
rally 87
enrage 89
lantern 89
extinction 90
heroism 92
annihilate 94
terminate 95
revolting 96
turban 100
insane 103
loot 104
coolie 106
squeal 109

5 prevarication 7
austere 7
cosy 8
parlour 8
convention 16
desultory 23
impetuous 23
impropriety 25
pillion 28
provide 35
suppress 37
clad 44
bathing machine 45
foresight 47
condone 58
smelling salts 63
ignore 66
brood 68
persecute 68
unsuspiciousness 78
music hall 83
profanity 83
cannibal 85
monogamous 85
deceased 86
scandalous 88
ulster 89
sunbathing 90
sound 91
agitated 99
sweepstake 101
legalize 101
stodgy 108
bully 108
lay (*a.*) 109
coax 109
clerical 110
colossal 111
excel 114
obtrusive 115
uneasiness 115–6
colleague 118
timid 119
furthermore 120
censorship 122
broadness 125
idealism 126
embroider 127
municipal 127
juryman 128
shudder 140
castigate 152
doom 155
scowl 157
navvy 158
devitalize 159
nag 163
beach pyjama 168
covenant 168

6 disparager 1
exclusiveness 2
plume 3
smattering 3
beget 4
sheer 5
badge 7
ambiguity 11
somewhat 15
frivolous 18
unedifying 18
impel 24
blameworthy 27
futile 30
laudable 33
nay 33
imply 34
fruitful 35
augment 38
manifest 41
beneficence 48
aspiration 49
eminent 51
pre-eminent 52
motto 57
whereas 62
overhasty 62
immaturity 67
crude 70
salutary 72
stable 72
ardour 79
routine 87
christen 87
inextricable 88
adhesion 89
novelty 93
underrate 94
therein 97
debar 100
rigid 100
invincible 100
beneficent 110
caricature 115
degeneration 115
disparage 116
dubious 116
utility 117
petty 118

7 averse 4
waste-paper basket 8
brisk 10
collaboration 17
dove-tailed 18
undue 19
simplification 19
circular 22
throughout 22
namely 32
constituent 33
biting 34
whereas 36
propaganda 40
fruitful 44
self-confidence 44–5
timid 47
addict 51
exquisite 58
inexcusable 60
flippant 60
roll 65
bamboozle 70
terrorize 70
populace 70
shareholder 72
electorate 75

forthcoming 24
ardent 25
somewhat 30

8 midwife 2
shutter 2
pewter 3
quiver 3
farmstead 10
fluffy 14
boyhood 19
asunder 24
gush 27
smite 28
alien 35
quaver 41
ay 42
unheeding 42
panic 48
wince 51
panic-stricken 51–2
desolation 52
wring 53
croon 54
fret 55
sofa 57
anguish 59
hysteria 64
wilful 68
distracted 70
alert 80
unreason 83
blindness 83
convulsive 88
unfasten 89

9 villa 3
eccentric 4
rococo 5
folly 5
dank 6
dreary 6
fabulous 7
burglary 9
siege 10
privacy 10
slum 11
footman 12
reassure 14

fasting 51
hygienic 52
meagre 53

apron 89
fumble 91
unthinking 91
taut 93
petticoat 93
overpower 94
violate 94
convulse 99
clumsy 101
garment 101
unchangeable 106
uncaring 110
inarticulate 120
daze 128
tick 129
torpor 129
nay 134
shawl 144
lantern 145
trickle 152
butt 152
sputter 153
pavement 154
shed 159
timbered 159
loft 161
illuminate 162
brewer 165
spasm 167
eddy 168

modernist 17
gauge 18
switchboard 19
dial 19
boarding-house 22
austere 22
massive 23
horrify 25
belongings 26
glossy 27
chestnut 28
self-indulgent 28–9
bust 29

progeny 83
indubitable 86
arduous 90

bygone 168
pathetic 169
painful 171
fringe 173
manger 174
prick 175
obscurity 175
soothe 179
snuff 179
rhythmic 181
shovel 181
hark 192
trance 199
shudder 201
re-echo 201
relax 202
timeless 206
wanness 215
splatter 220
butt 220
slit 221
uncanny 232
temple 237
childbirth 244
beget 244
scald 246
entrails 247
afresh 248
bowels 249
thresh 252

accent 30
good-natured 40
inquisitive 43
poke 43
improvise 46
authoritative 46
bland 50
buzzer 56
tinny 57
evasive 68
comic 71
buzz 80
elated 91

10 cull 4
thickset 6
personage 6
cudgel 17
Bible 25
notion 43
bull-dog 46
orchard 46
crouch 48
votary 55
predicament 55
prudent 58
ruminate 60
bellow 64
trespasser 65
evade 68
warfare 69
opponent 69
combat 71
option 75
sentry 80
cogent 87
extenuation 87–8
pitch 90
apiary 90
hive 90
resent 91
intrusion 91
brickwork 95
windlass 97
notorious 100
adage 101
immersion 103
unwound 104
thrash 112
conspire 120
numbness 124
indignation 126
halloo 127
titter 130
behold 134
winch 137
headlong 139
souse 142
regain 143
stool 148
reel 148
sundry 148
dough 148
pancake 153
dismal 155
senseless 161
ail 169
topsy-turvy 172
flank 173
wench 183
ma'am 185
disk 193
obscure 194
mishap 200
chap 210
brandy 214

11 triumph 11
disaster 11
impostor 12
knave 14
sinew 21
foe 27
unforgiving 29

12 butler 1
unlit 3
obscure 4
ghastly 5
ado 7
constrict 10
apprehension 12
chimneypiece 13
golf club 14
miniature 15
baize 15
boxing-glove 19
bowler 19
disconsolate 21
intent 23
shrill 31
giggle 34
pretext 36
terrific 37
scamper 38
bald 41
newcomer 44
palatial 82
rococo 83
dinner-jacket 84
chap 91
overwork 91
ferocity 94
detachment 95
perceptible 97
jingle 97
detain 117
temper 119
discretion 119

13 solicit 6
infallible 10
dunce 10
confederacy 10
posterity 13
countenance 16
reverence 17
foretell 18
diversion 19
disinterested 26

14 trout, *title*
tap-room 3
sip 4
toddy 4
cod 21
land (*v.*) 28
minnow 29
carrier 35
stolid 54
newcomer 57
query 62
fancy 67

parlour 9
chat 10
ensue 17
chimneypiece 19
fascinate 20

genial 45
lock 46
leastways 46
pike 48
whopper 49

hearty 75
unaccountable 83
whacking 86–7
shatter 100

15 incessant 2
flirtatious 3
palpable 4
shrewdness 6
recount 10
malicious 10
dean 11
soirée 13
flirt 14
volubility 15
melancholy 17
bereavement 23–4
precise 36
contemplate 36
obscure 36
autobiography 37
jest 38
alacrity 39
garrulous 42
naïveté 43
sophisticated 44
plausible 48
courtship 50
avow 50
cynical 59
ambivalent 60
irony 61

dandy 62
simpleton 65
predecease 78
entail 79
intrigue 82
idolatry 83
histrionic 87
mystical 87
misshapen 88
turnip 88
pose 90
fascinate 91
rapture 92
insane 96
betake 99
elapse 101
adamant 103
acquaintanceship 104
adventurer 106
Ides 107
invidiousness 108
incur 111
bully 116
forthcoming 121
disreputable 127
infamous 127
impend 128

ere 128
inevitable 129
ridiculous 129
contemptible 129
jilt 130
console 137
depression 137
needful 143
condescend 144
minion 144
perpetual 145
sombre 146
prophecy 146
frivolous 147
penal 149
retribution 150
forfeit 151
eccentric 154
extravagance 155
mercenary 158
imply 159
session 162
exaggeration 164
exemplary 166
tiresome 168
detest 169

16 ch 2
castaway 3
barque 3
jetty 8
bronze 15
frond 20
foliage 22
forge 23
navigator 24

resplendent 24
sombre 24
ripple 28
vivid 31
outlandish 33
craft 33
thwart 36
skipper 37
upturned 39

tiller 41
gunwale 43
fascination 44
stealthy 45
Nemesis 46
tussle 50
glamour 52
flick 53

17 squire 3
steward 3
tread 5
scanty 6

cower 42
deprecatingly 45
spell (*n.*) 59
bewitched 60

coax 122
bob 124
curtsey 124
outrage 127

wither 7
chamber 8
oak 9
profile 10
deprecatory 11
stance 11
mullioned 11
turret 12
fourlegged 14
stool 14
blasphemy 19
sarcastic 22
jest 22
precise 34
incompetent 39
drivel 39
snivel 39
jabber 40
idiot 40
stride 40

finality 65
impudence 73
hiding 75
man-at-arms 78
ablebodied 78
positive 80
scruff 81
slut 84
limp 86
contemplate 88
resignedly 88
cur 94
damn 108
shove 109
magisterial 111
nostril 118
resolute 119
scowl 121
hearty 122

duke 128
peer 129
reassure 131
blockhead 134
thrash 140
abject 147
presume 148
inflate 155
franc 155
hardy 157
siege 160
flabbergasted 161
impudent 166
baggage 166
monsieur 170
stupor 176
unruffled 178
gape 180
intercede 180

18 parlour 2
comely 2
distort 3
shed (*v.*) 4
vivid 6
agitated 24
divert 25
compendious 27
mode 27
fuzzy 30
garment 30
resurrection 31
greasy 31

eh 45
melancholy 47
pier-glass 47
indignant 63
parish 68
bailiff 72
spout 76
damask 77
castor 79
beseechingly 79
tongs 80
unwonted 84
auction 86

sprig 90
tulip 91
fluted 84
lofty 98
stool 105
predominance 114
yoke 115
cradle 121
undone 128
such-like 131–2
sacking 133
schooling 159
resignedly 166

19 thou, *title*
naught 1
thee 8

thine 10
thy 12

thereby 12
evermore 13

20 abbey, *title*
tempest 3
awe 4
recollection 7
countless 7
horrid 8
usher 9
hearty 9
assassin 11

chest 32
causeless 34
indifference 34
ebony 44
Japan 45
tremulous 51
torrent 55
vicinity 59
celerity 61

unfasten 81
flutter 86
manuscript 88
suffice 88
ascertain 88
peruse 89
inventory 92
cravat 97
pen (*v.*) 98

drunken 11
gallant (*n.*) 11
chamber 14
fortify 14
fender 19
faggot 22
shutter 28

21 amiable 5
illicit 7
sway 7
voluptuary 12
fragile 13
parasitical 15
tenacity 15
piteous 15
succour 15
protector 16
contempt 19
imbecility 22
degrade 22
esteem 23
relax 26
cherish 28
propriety 30

22 harangue 2
contempt 3
claret 4
recollection 6
port 8
aspire 8
brandy 9
hearty 9
recall 12
nay 13
relish 16
pleasantry 16
guinea 20
frantic 22
fervid 26
altercation 27
misrepresentation 29
pistol 31
muffin 36
durst 36
indigestion 39
triumph 41

23 seemingly 1–2
whither 4
haughty 6
relent 8
condescend 9
renowned 12
cringe 13
parson 15
chaplain 17
pudding 17
custard 18
peer 23
curate 26
waiting-maid 26
flighty 27
disquietude 30
recur 33
renounce 34
dwindle 37
dissipation 37–8
boisterousness 40–41
extravagance 43
unavailing 47
monarchical 51
hypocrite 57
freeman 58
enmity 58
wiseacre 60
railing 60
tyranny 60
monarch 62
dominion 62
annals 63
sovereignty 64
tyrant 65
dissolute 66
patron 67
err 67
self-indulgent 68
boisterous 73
freak 74
thou 74
pout 76
profess 78
mamma 80
pert 82
bade 85
chamber 85
whereupon 85
wont 86
viper 93
ladyship 94
candour 96
implore 103
dice 104
vehement 117
expostulation 117
adversary 117
variance 122
besought 122
gouty 126
swathe 128
comical 128
oath 130
thee 131
bearer 134
outbreak 140
roost 143
gruel 143
limp 144
vulgar 146
trapes 146

24 mingle 2
thine 9
thou 17
lament 18
prime 22
hoar 26

25 façade 3
disclose 3
skyscraper 4
suburb 6
agreeable 10
harsh 11
café 17
promenade 18
hive 19
cocktail 28
disperse 34
mania 34
northerner 35
elegant 38
conservative 39
extravagant 40
extravagance 41
fantastic 51
generalization 51
exodus 53
racial 53
infiltration 53
sallow 54
melancholy 55
grotesque 57
enliven 59
undistracted 60
encumber 64
exclusive 65
frustration 65
militant 67
talkative 68
decorum 71
shrewdness 74
repartee 74
assertiveness 76–7
dominant 79
dominate 80
homely 82
sensual 82

26 entwine 4
thrice 7
bonnet 10
broker 12
beaver 13
pace 13
wholly 28
ungainly 29
hyaena 33
impudent 34
wag 34
vestige 46
wheresoever 60
meagre 63
crisp 63
will-o-the-wisp 65
jest 70
pun 73
bathing machine 74
batch 79
whisker 81
muffin 86
conundrum 89
bade 95
farewell 95
handy 102
thimble 103
delirious 112
shudder 123
thingumbob 127
hark 128
behold 133
unnamed 133
crag 134
sublime 135
spasm 137
chasm 137
awe 138
torrent 141
ominous 142
glee 152

This new series of five books provides a valuable introduction to English literature for students to whom English is a second language. All the most important writers of English prose and poetry are represented.

The passages are graded in order of increasing difficulty. Each passage is preceded by an explanatory introduction, and followed by notes on difficult words and phrases. The questions aim to help the student draw out the full meaning of the passage as well as to appreciate its particular literary qualities.

Each of the five books is self-contained, and can be used either on its own or as part of the series.

The cover shows four English writers from left to right (copyright Mark Gerson): right, in 1632 (Folger Shakespeare Library); back left, in about 1723 (National Portrait Gallery, London); right, in 1899 (National Portrait Gallery, London).

ISBN 0 [illegible]